



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

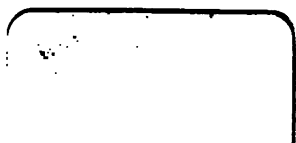




600055959\$



3





CHARLES AUCHESTER.

A MEMORIAL.

“ Were it not for Music, we might in these days say, the Beautiful is dead.”

ET. HON. B. DISRAELI.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1853.

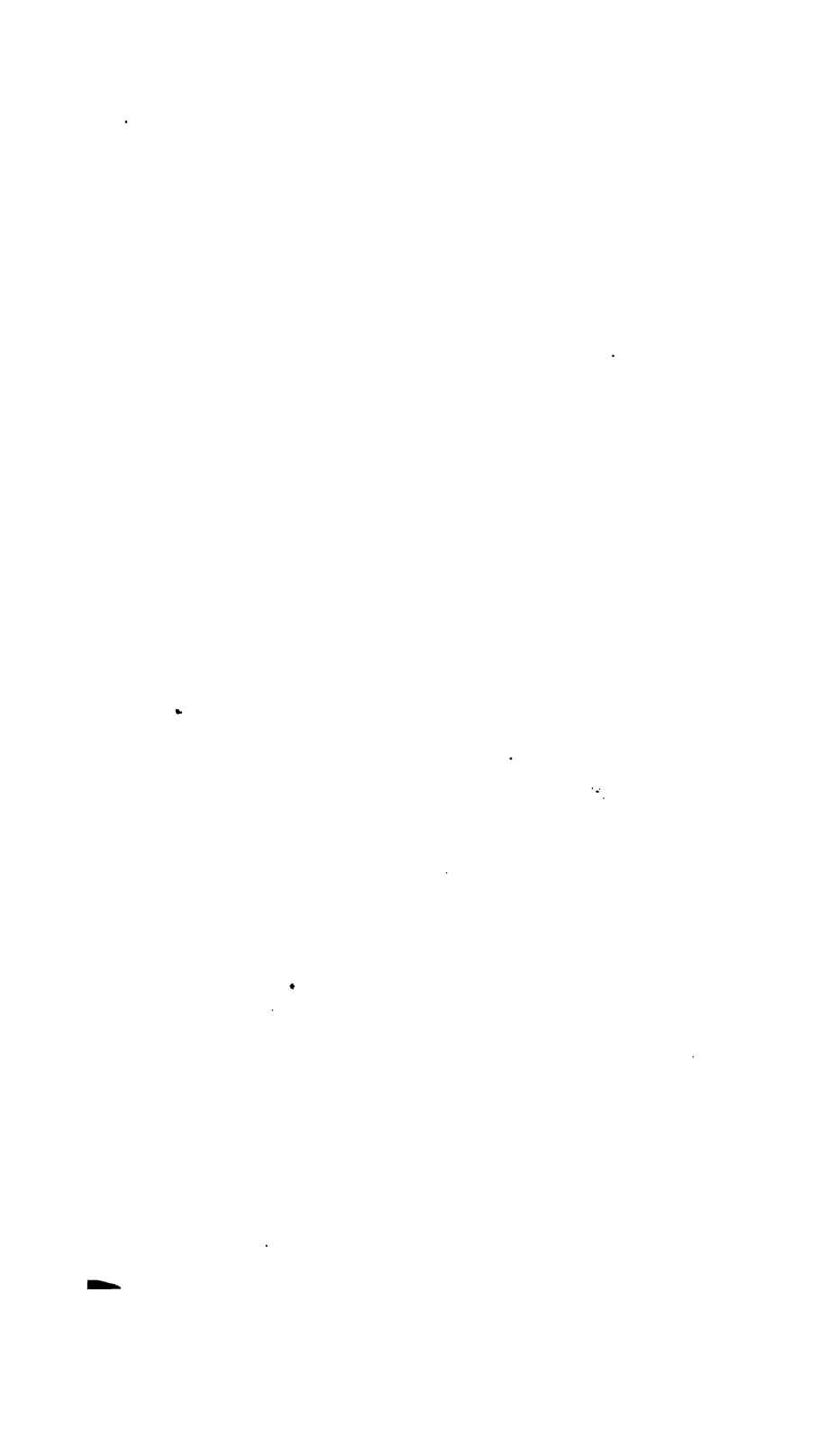
249. W. 452.

LONDON :
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13 Poland Street.

PART II.

The Violin and the Violet.

(CONTINUED.)



CHARLES AUCHESTER.

CHAPTER IV.

It cannot be supposed that I forgot my home, or that I failed to institute an immediate correspondence—which was thus checked in the bud. Aronach finding me one night, after we had all retired, with my little ink-bottle on the floor and myself outsprawled writing upon my knees close into my lamp, very coolly carried my sheet, pen, and ink away, and informed me that he never permitted his pupils to write home at all, or to write anything except what he set them to do.

I should have revolted outright against this restriction, but for a saving discovery I made on the morrow—that our master himself dismissed from his own hand a bulletin of our health and record of our progress once a month ; precious specimens

no doubt they were, these, of hard-hearted fact ! Neither were we allowed to receive letters ourselves from home ; only simple communications were permitted to himself ; and the effect of this rule, so autocratic, was desperately painful upon me at first. I hungered for some sweet morsel of English, served up in English character : I wanted to hear more than that all were well ; and as for Lenhart Davy, had not my love informed my memory, I should have forgotten him altogether. But it was very soon I began to realize that this judicious interdiction lent a tonic bitterness to my life. I was completely abstracted, and upon that passage of my inwardly eventful history I can never glance back without a quiet tear or two ; it was heavenly in its unabsolved and absolute serenity. It was the one mood that befitted a growing heart too apt to burn—a busy brain too apt to vision—if that head and heart were ever to be raised from the valley of material life into the mountain heights of art.

I fear my remembrances are dull just here ; for the glory that touched them was of the moment, and too subtle to be retrieved ; but it is impossible not just to remind myself of them before returning to my adventure-maze.

For six months, that passed as swiftly as six weeks of a certain existence, we went on together

—I should have said hand in hand, but that my Starwood's diffident melancholy and Iskar's travestied hauteur would have held me back, and I was ardent to impel myself forward. So, though at first I had to work almost to desperation in order to join the evening contrapunto class, I soon left the other two behind, and Aronach taught me alone, which was an advantage it would be impossible to overrate. Not that he ever commended—it was not in him; he was too exigent, too stern; his powers never condescended, he was never known to qualify—he was never personally made acquaintance with; something of the hermit blended mystically with his acumen, so that the primary advantage of our position was his supreme standard, insensibly our own also—the secondary, our undisturbed seclusion.

As I said, we walked the same distance day by day. Nothing is uniform to a soul really set on the idealities of art; everything, though it changes not, suggests to the mind of the musician. Though not a full-grown mind, I had all joy in that unchanging route; for as the year grew and rounded, all, as it were, aspired without changing. Meditation mellowed every circumstance, till it ripened to an unalterable charm. I always walked with Starwood, who still made me very anxious, sud-

denly and increasingly so pale and frail he became that I fully expected him to die that spring. Indeed he hardly cleared it, and I should have mentioned my fears to Aronach, but that he seemed fully aware of all I feared. But instead of getting rid of the weakling, as I dreaded he might choose to do, he physicked him and kept him in his bed-box twice or thrice a week, and taciturnly indulged him ; giving him hot possets at night, and cooling drinks by day. The poor little fellow was very grateful, but still sad ; and I was astonished that Aronach still expected him to practise, unless he was in bed ; and to write, except his head ached. The indefinite disorder very seldom reached that climax though, and chiefly asserted itself in baby-yawns and occasional whimpers, constant weariness and entire loss of appetite. I had at length discovered his age, and Iskar's also ; the latter had passed eleven, but was not so nearly twelve as I ; the first was scarcely nine, and so small he might have been only six. It struck me he would not be much older, and I had learned to love him too well in his infantine and affecting weakness. I ventured one day to ask Aronach whether his father knew he was ill ? I was answered—

“ He is not ill.”

“ But, Sir, he is low and weak ? ”

"He will always be weak while thou art petting him. Who can take more care of him than I? His father?"

"Oh, Master! I know you are good; but what if he dies?"

"His work will not have killed him, nor his weakness; if people are to die they die, if they are to live they live."

I was silenced, not convinced; but from that hour I did not think he would die; nor did he.

Aronach was strict, he never departed from a rule; it was his chief and salient characteristic. He never held, what one may call conversation with us, on any subject except our studies, and then it was in exemplification, not suggestively. It was a beneficial reserve perhaps, but I could not have endured it for ever, and might have become impatient but for the auspices of the season; it was the very beginning of May. Though shut up to a great extent, as *we* were, the weather, made itself an entrance, blue sky swelled, and the glow of morning woke me before dawn. The lindens near the fountain began to blossom, and in the garden of the church the oak-leaves clustered. I saw nothing of the country yet, and could only dream of unknown beauty in untraversed paths. The Cecilia examinations approached: Aronach attended almost every day at the school. I knew

just so much and no more, and as much expected to assist thereat, as I should have hoped to come of age on my twelfth birth-day. My birth-day was in that month of May in the third week ; and though I was innocent of the fact, it was a fact that it was one of Cecilia's feast days as well as my own. It was, however, such a delicious morning, that it nearly sent me mad up in my little room to be mew'd there, when such thousands upon thousands roamed wheresoever they would ; for I never took it into account how many of those wanderers would rejoice to be so shut up as I was, could they only rest. And it struck me that at least one day in the year one ought to be permitted to do exactly as one desired, even were the desire to drown one's self the prevalent aspiration. There are times when it is not only natural, but necessary to rebel against authority ; so that, had I not been locked in, I would have certainly escaped and made a ramble on my own responsibility ; for I should have acted upon as pure impulse as when—usually industrious enough as I was—I laid down my fiddle and wasted my time.

• As I gazed upon the window, and smelt the utter sweetness of the atmosphere, hardly so much air as flower-spirit, the voice of perfume, I was wishful of the wings of all the flies, and envious of the butterflies that blundered in and floated out. I

am sure I had been idle at least an hour, and had no prospect of taking heed to my ways, so long as the sky was blue as that sky, and the breeze blew in, when I felt, rather than heard, a soft little knock at the door. I fancied it was the servant dashing her broom-stick upon the landing; but in a moment it was repeated, and I was very shy to take any notice, feeling that a goblin could let itself in, and had better do so than be admitted. Then I was roused indeed, and my own inaction scared me, for I recognized Starwood's voice.

"Charles, I want to come in—mayn't I a minute, please?"

"Really, Star, it is too bad of you to give me such a turn. How can I open the door. Pray come in directly, and tell me what is the matter."

He boggled at the lock for a minute or two, but at last admitted himself.

"Why Star, how frightened you look! Have you been flogged at last? and is the Master home already?"

"No! no! Charles,—something most extraordinary."

I really could but laugh, the child repeated the words with such an awe.

"A gentleman, Charles, has come. He opened my door while I was practising. I should have been dreadfully frightened, but he was so kind and

came in so gently. He thought you were here, Charles, and asked for you ; he says he does not know your name, but that he could tell me whether you were here if I would describe you. I said how pale you were with such dark eyes, and about your playing, and he said,—

“ All right, go and fetch him, or send him to me, will you be so kind ? ”

“ How could you be quite sure ? it may be some one for Iskar, who is pale, and has dark eyes.”

“ He said it was the violin that came at Christmas I was to send ; and you came at Christmas. Besides he looks very like a friend you would have ; he is not like anybody else.”

“ What is he like, Star ? ”

“ His face is so very bright and clever that I could not look at it ; but I saw his beautiful curling hair ; I never saw such curling hair.”

“ Come in with me then, Star.”

“ No, he said I was not to come too, that I might go on with my music. He calls it music, but I don't think it is much like it.”

Now, I knew who was there, as well as if an angel had spoken to me, and said—“ it is he for whom you waited.” Had I not known in very assurance, I should have forced my little friend to go back with me, that I might not meet alone a stranger ; as it was, I only longed to fly, and to fly

alone into that presence, for which I then felt I had been waiting, though I had known it not.

I rushed from my little prison enfranchised, ecstatic, but I misapprehended my own sensations ; the magnetic power was so appalling, that as I reached the threshold of that other room a dark shock came over my eyes, and partly from my haste, in part from that dazzling blindness, I staggered and fell across the doorway, and could not try to rise.

But his arm was round me—before I fell I felt it, and as I lay I was crushed, abandoned in very worship. None worship as the child-enthusiast, save the enthusiast who worshipped even as a child. I scarcely tried to rise, but he lifted me with that strong and slender arm, and set me upon my feet. Before he spoke I spoke, but I gasped so wildly, that my words are not in my power to recall. I only remember that I named him “our Conductor—the Conductor !” and that still with his light touch on my shoulder, he turned his head aside. I looked up freely then, and the glance I then caught of that brow, those eyes half averted, half bent upon me with the old pitying sweetness ; partly shaded by earthly sympathy, but for the most part lifted into light beyond my knowledge ; the one glimpse forewarned me not to yield to the emotions he raised within me, lest I should trouble

him more than needed. It was not a minute I am sure before I mastered myself and stood before him firmly.

"Sir, the Herr Aronach is at the Cecilia School to-day; it is the first day of the grand examinations, at least I believe so; I know they are all very busy there, and have been so for some time. I don't think the Master will be home until quite the evening, for he told us to dine alone; but if you will allow me, I will run and bring you a coach from the Kell Platz, which will take you to Cecilia in an hour; I have heard the Master say so.

He was looking towards the window, and while I spoke, his face, so exquisitely pale, grew gradually warm and bright, his cheek mantled, his eyes laughed within the lashes.

"All very good, and wise, and amiable—most amiable!" said he, "and such pretty German too! But I come to see you, and not your master, here. I have been a long time coming, but I could not get here before, because I had not done my lessons. I have finished them now, and want a game of play. Will you have a game with me?"

Before I could answer, he resumed, in tones of the most ravishing gaiety:

"And you are all so pale—so pale, that I am ashamed of you! What have you been all doing?"

"Practising, Sir—at least not I, for I have been idle all the morning, for the very first time since I came here, I assure you. I kept thinking and thinking, and expecting and expecting, though I could not tell what, and now I know."

"But I am still very much ashamed of Aronach. Does he lock you up?" with a star of mischief shining from the very middle of each eye.

"Yes Sir, always, as well as the others of course. I like it very much, too, it is so safe."

"Not always it seems. Well now let us have a race to the river, and then if you are pale still, I shall take you to Cecilia, and show somebody that it is a question whether he can keep you at home, for all he bolts you in. The day is so fine, so beautiful, that I think the music itself may have a holiday."

"Sir, do you really mean it? Oh, if you do, pray let us go to Cecilia *now*; for perhaps there is music to hear, and oh! it is so very, *very* long, since I heard any."

"Is it so dear to you, that you would rather seek it than all the sunshine, and all the heart of spring? Ah! too young to find that anything is better than music, and more to be desired!"

"Yes, Sir, yes! please to take me; I won't be in the way, it will be enough to walk by you; I don't want you to talk."

"But I do want to talk ; I cannot keep quiet ; I have a lady's tongue, and yours I fancy is not much shorter. We will therefore go now."

"This moment, Sir. Oh ! I would rather go than have the Festival over again."

"The Festival ! the Festival ! It *is* the Festival ! Is it not to-day a Festival ? and *every* day in May ?"

He looked as he spoke so divinely happy, that it is so the angels must appear in their everlasting Spring. I rushed into my room and rummaged for my cap, also for a pair of new gloves, but I was not very long though I shook so violently that it was a task to pull on those skins. Returning, I found him still at the window ; he was leaning upon the bureau ; not near the harpsichord—not before the organ—but gazing child-like into the bright blue morning. He was dressed in a summer coat, short and very loose, that hung almost in folds upon his delicate figure : the collar falling low revealed the throat, so white, so regal ; and through the buttonhole fluttered the ribbon of the Chevalier. He carried also a robe-like cloak upon his arm, lined with silk, and amply tasselled. I ventured to take it from him, but he gently and yet forcefully drew it again to himself, saying, "It is too heavy for thee. May I not already say 'thou ?' "

"Oh, Sir, if you will ; but let me go first, it is so dark always upon the stairs."

"One does not love darkness truly, we will escape together."

He took my hand, and I tried to lead him, but after all it was he who led me step by step. I did not know the road to Cecilia, and I said so.

"Oh ! I suppose not ; sly Aronach ! but I do, and that is sufficient, is it not ? Why the colour is coming back already. And I see your eyes begin to know me. I am so glad. Ah ! they tell more now than they will tell some day !"

"Sir, you are too good, but I thank you. I like to feel well. And I feel more than well to-day. I am too glad I think."

"Never too well or glad, it is not possible. Never too bright and hopeful. Never too blissfully rejoicing. Tell me your name, if you please."

"Sir, my name is nothing."

"That is better than *Norval*." He laughed, as at himself.

"Sir, however did you get to hear that ? Oh," I quite screamed as the reminiscence shook me, "Oh, Sir, did you write the *Tone-Wreath* ?"

He gave me a look which seemed to drink up my soul ; "I plucked a garland, but it was beyond the Grampian Hills."

"You *did* write it! I knew it when I heard it, Sir. I am so delighted! I knew the instant she played it, and she thought so too, but of course we could not be quite sure."

He made the very slightest gesture of impatience. "Never mind the Tone-Wreath! there are May-bells enough on the hill that we are to go to."

I was insensibly reminded of his race; but its bitterness was all sheathed in beauty when I looked again. So beautiful was he, that I could not help looking at his face; so we are drawn to the evening star, so to the morning roses, but with how different a spell! for just where theirs' is closed, did his begin its secret still attraction; the loveliness, the symmetry were lost, as the majestic spirit seized upon the soul through the sight, and conquered.

"You have not told me your name. Is it so difficult for me to pronounce? I will try very hard to say it, and I wish to know it."

No "I will" was ever so irresistible—"Charles Auchester."

"That is a tell-tale name. But I can never forget what was written for me on your forehead, the day you were so kind to me in a foreign country. Do you like me, Charles? Well enough to wish to know me?"

I can never describe the innocent regality of his manner here—it was something never to be imagined, that voice in that peculiar key.

“Sir! I know how many friends you must have, and how they must admire you. I don’t think any of them love you as I do, and always did ever since that day. I wish I could tell you, but it’s of no use. I can’t, though I quite burn to tell you, and to make you know. I do love you better than I love my life, and you are the only person I love better than music. I would go to the other end of the world, and never see you any more, rather than I would be in your way or tire you. Will you believe me?”

“Come!” he answered brightly, delicately, “I know all you wish to say, because I can feel myself; but I could not bear you at the other end of the world just now, because I like you near me, and were you and I to go away from each other, as we must, I should still feel you near me, for whatever is or has been, is for ever to me.”

“Sir, I can only thank you, and that means more than I can say; but I cannot think why you like me. It is most exquisite, but I do not understand it.”

He smiled, and his eye kindled. “I shall not tell you, I see you do not know; I do not wish for

you to know. But tell me now, will you not, do you enter the school this semestre?"

"Yes, Sir, I believe so. At least I came here on purpose; but Aronach does not tell us much, you know, Sir."

"Is that tall young gentleman to enter?"

"Yes, Sir, Marc Iskar."

"And the least, how do you name him?"

Like a flash of lightning a conception struck me through and through.

"Sir, he is called Starwood Burney, from England. How I do wish I might tell you something!"

"You can tell me anything; there is plenty of time and room, and no one to hear, if it be a pretty little secret."

"It is a secret, but not a little one nor pretty either. It is about Starwood. I don't think I ought to trouble you about it, and yet I must tell you, because I think you can do anything you please."

"Like a prince in the Arabian tales"—he answered brightly.—"I fear I am poor in comparison with such, for I can only help in *one* way."

"And that one way is the very way I want, Sir. Starwood loves the pianoforte: I have seen him change all over when he talked of it, as if it were his real life. It is not a real life he lives with that violin.

"I wish it had been thyself, whose real life it is, my child," he replied, with a tenderness I could ill brook, could less account for; "but still thy wish shall be mine. Would the little one go with me? He seems terrified to be spoken to, and it would make my heart beat to flutter him."

"Sir, that is just like you to say so; but I am very certain he would soon love you—not as I do, that would be impossible, but so much that you would not be sorry you had taken him away. But oh! if I had known that you would take and teach, I would never have taken up the violin, but have come and thrown myself at your feet, Sir, and have held upon you till you promised to take me. I thought, Sir, somehow that you did not teach."

"Understand me then, that what I say I say to satisfy you; you are better as you are, better than you could be with me. I am a wanderer, and it is not my right to teach; I am bound to another craft, and the only one for the perfecting of which it is not my right to call myself poor. Do you understand, Charles?"

"I think, Sir, that you mean you make music, and that therefore you have no time for the dirty work."

He broke into a burst of laughter, like joy-bells.

“ There is as much dirty work, however, in what you call *making* music. But what I meant for you to understand was this, that I do not take money for instructing, because that would be to take the bread from the mouths of hundreds I love and honour. I have money enough, and you know how sweet it is even to give money ; how much sweeter to give what cannot be bought by money ! I shall take this little friend of mine to my own home, if he will go and I am permitted to do so, and I shall treat him as my son because he will indeed be my music-child, and no more indebted to me than I am to music, or than we all are to Jehovah.”

“ Sir, you are certainly a Jew if you say ‘ Jehovah ;’ I was quite sure of it before, and I am so pleased.”

“ I cannot contradict thee, but I am almost sorry thou knowest there are even such people as Jews.”

“ Why so, Sir ? pray tell me. I should have thought that *you*, before all other persons, would have rejoiced over them.”

“ Why so, indeed ! but because the mystery of their very name is enough to break the head, and perhaps the heart.—But now of this little one : he must indeed be covered as a bird in the nest, and shall be. And if I turn him not forth a strong-

winged wonder thou wilt stand up and have to answer for him ; is it not so ?”

“ Sir, I am certain he will play wonderfully upon what he calls those beautiful cold keys.”

“ Ah !” he answered, dreamily, “ and so indeed they are, whose very tones are but as different shadows of the same one-coloured light, the ice-blue darkness, and the snowy azure blaze. He has right, if he thinks them cold, to find them *alone* beautiful.” He spoke as if in sleep.

“ Sir, I do not know what you mean, for I never heard even Milans-André”

“ You are to hear him then ; it is positively needful.”

Again the raillery pointed every word, as if arrows “ dipped in balm.”

“ I mean that I scarcely know what those keys are like, for I never heard them really played except by one young lady. I did not find the Tone-Wreath cold, but I thought, when she played with Santonio, that her playing was cold—cold compared with his—for he was playing, as you know Sir, the violin.

“ You are right ; yes. The Violin is the Violet !”

These words, vividly pronounced, and so mystical to the uninitiated, were as burning wisdom to my soul. I could have claimed them as my own,

so exactly did they respond to my own unexpressed necessities. But indeed, and in truth, the most singular trait of the presence beside me, was that nothing falling from his lips surprised me ; I was prepared for all, though everything was new. He did not talk incessantly,—on the contrary, his remarks seemed sudden as a breeze upborne and dying into the noonday. There was that in them which cannot be conveyed, although conserved ; the tones, the manner, so changeful yet all cast in grace unutterable, passing from vagrant, never wanton mirth, into pungent, but never supercilious gravity. Such recollection only proves that the beautiful essence flows not well into the form of words, for I remember every word he spoke—but rather dies in being uttered forth—itself as music.

It was dusty on the highway, and we met no one for at least a mile except the peasants who passed into the landscape as part of its picture ; the intense green of May, and its quickening blossoms, strewed every nook and plantation ; but the sweetness of the country so exuberant just there, only seemed to frame with fitting ornament the one idea I contemplated,—that he was close at hand. There had been much sun, and one was naturally inclined to shade in the thrilling May heats which permeate the veins almost like love's fever, and are as exciting to the pulses.

At last we came to a brook, a lovely freshet, broadening into a mill-stream ; for we could see far off in the clear air the flash of that wheel, and hear its last murmuring fall. But here at hand it was all lonely, unspanned by any bridge, and having its feathery banks unspoiled by any clearing hand. A knot of beautiful beech-trees threw dark kisses on the trembling water ; there were wildest rushes here, and the thick spring leaves of the yet unbloomed forget-me-not on either hand. The blue hill of Cecilia lay yet before us, but something in my companion's face made me conjecture that here he wished to rest. Before he even suggested it, I pulled out my cambric handkerchief, and running on before him, laid it beneath the drooping beech-boughs on the swelling grass. I came back to him again, and entreated him to repose. He even flushed with satisfaction at my request, which I made, as I ever do, rather impertinently. He ran, too, with me, and taking out his own handkerchief which was a royal purple silk, he spread it beside mine, and drew me to that throne with his transparent fingers upon my hand. I say transparent, for they were as though the roseate blood shone through, and the wandering violet veins showed the clearness of the unfretted palm. But it was a hand too refined for model beauty, too thin and rare for the youth, the almost

boyhood that shone on his forehead, and in his unwearied eyes. The brightness of heaven seemed to pour itself upon my soul as I sat beside him, and felt that no one in the whole world was at that moment so near him as I. He pulled a few rushes from the margin, and began to weave a sort of basket. So fleetly his fingers twisted and untwisted themselves, that it was as if he were accustomed to do nothing but sit and weave green rushes the livelong day.

"Pull me some more!" he said, at length, imploringly; and I, who had been absorbed in those clear fingers' playing, looked up at him as I stretched my arm. His eyes shone with the starlight of pure abstraction, and I answered not except by gathering the rushes, breaking them off, and laying them one by one across his knees. The pretty work was nearly finished; it was the loveliest green casket I could have fancied, with a plaited handle. It looked like a fairy field-flung treasure. I wished it were for me. When it was quite ready, and as complete and perfect as nature's own work, he rose, and, seizing the lowest branch of the swaying beech grove, hung the plaything upon it, and said, "I wish it were filled with ripe red strawberries."

"Why so, Sir?" I ventured.

'Because one would like to imagine a little

child finding a green basket by the dusty way, filled with strawberries."

We arose, and again walked on.

"Sir, I would rather have the basket than the strawberries."

"I wish a little child may be of your mind. Were you happy, Charles, when you were a little child?"

"Sir, I was always longing to be a man. I never considered what it was to be a little child."

"Thou art a boy, and that is to be a man-child—the beautiful fate! But it is thy beautiful fate to teach others also, as only children teach."

"I, Sir;—how?"

"Charles, a man may be always longing to be an angel, and never consider what it is to be a man."

His voice was as a sudden wind springing up amidst solitary leaves, it was so fitful, so vaguely sweet. I looked upon him indeed for the first time with trembling, since I had been with him that day. He had fallen into a stiller step, for we had reached the foot of the ascent. It never occurred to me that I was not expected at Cecilia, I thought of nothing but that I should accompany him. He suddenly again addressed me, in English.

"Did St. Michel ever recover the use of his arm?"

I was quite embarrassed. "I never asked about him, Sir, but I dare say he did."

"I thought you would have known. You *should* have asked, I think. Was he a rich man or a poor man?"

"How do you mean, Sir? He was well off I should suppose, for he used to dress a great deal, and had a horse, and taught all over the town. Mr. Davy said he was as popular as Giardini."

"Mr. Davy was who? Your godfather?"

"My musical godfather I should say, Sir. He took me to the Festival, and had I not accidentally met him I should never have gone there—have never seen you—oh, Sir!"

"Nothing is accidental that happens to you, to such as you. But I should have been very sorry, not to have seen you. I thought you were a little messenger from the other world."

"It does seem very strange Sir; at least two things especially."

"What is the first then?"

"First that I should serve you, and the second that you should like me."

"No, believe me it is not strange"—he still spoke in that beautiful pure English, swift and keen, as his German was mild and slow—"not

strange that you should serve me, because there was a secret agreement between us that we should either serve the other. Had you been in my place I should have run to fetch you water, but I fear I should have spilled a drop or two. And how could I but like you when you came before me like something of my own in that crowd, that multitude in nothing of me?"

"Sir," I answered to save myself from saying what I really felt—"how beautifully you speak English!"

He resumed in German. "That is nothing—because we can have no real language. I make myself think in all. I dream first in this, and then in that—so that amidst the floating fragments, as in the strange mixture we call an *orchestra*, some accent may be expressed from the many voices, of the Language of our unknown Home."

As he said these words, his tones so clear and reverent became mystical and inward—I was absolved from communion with that soul—his eye travelling onwards, was already with the lime-trees at the summit of the hill we had nearly reached, and he appeared to have forgotten me. I felt how frail, how dissoluble, were the fiery links that bound my feeble spirit to that strong Immortal. But how little I knew it, yet!

CHAPTER V.

THE School of Cecilia was not only at the summit of the hill, it was the only building on the summit ; it was isolated and in its isolation grand. There were cottages in orchards, vine-gardens, fertile lands, an ancient church, sprinkled upon the sides, or nestling in the slopes ; but itself looked lonely and consecrated as in verity it might be named. A belt of glorious trees, dark and dense as a druid grove, surrounded with an older growth the modern superstructure ; but its basis had been a feudal ruin whose entrance still remained ; a hall, a wide waste of room, of rugged symmetry and almost twilight atmosphere. A court-yard in front was paved with stone, and here were carriages and unharnessed horses feeding happily. The doorway of the hall was free, we entered together ; and my

companion left me one moment while he made some arrangements with the porter, who was quite alone in his corner. Otherwise silence reigned, and also it seemed with solitude, for no one peered among the strong square pillars that upheld as rude a gallery, the approach to which was by a sweeping staircase of the brightest oak with noble balustrades. Two figures in bronze looked down from the landing-place on either hand, and as we passed between them I felt their size if not their beauty overawe me as the shadow of the entrance. They were, strange to say, not counterparts; though companion forms of the same head, the same face, the same dun laurel crown; but the one gathered its drapery to its breast and stretched its hand beckoningly towards the portal—the other with outstretched arm, pointed with an expression almost menace down the gallery. In niched archways there, one door after another met the eye, massive and polished, but all closed.

I implicitly trusted in my companion. I felt sure he possessed a charm to open all those doors, and I followed him as he still lightly, as if upon grass, stepped from entrance to entrance, not pausing until he reached the bend of the gallery. Here was a door unlike the others – wider, slighter, of cloth and glass; and stealing from within those media, with a murmur soft as incense, came a mist

of choral sounds confusing me and captivating me at once, so that I did not care to stir until the mist dissolved and ceased, and I was yet by my companion's side without the door.

"We may enter now, I think," he said; for he had waited reverently as I; and he gently pushed those folds.

They slid back, and we entered a narrow lobby, very dim and disenchanted looking. Still softly we proceeded to another door within, which I had not discovered, and he touched that too with an air of subtile and still authority. I was dazzled the first instant; but he took my hand directly and drew me forwards with him to a seat in some region of enchantment. As I sat by him there I soon recovered myself to the utmost, and beheld before me a sight which I shall not easily forget, nor ever cease to hold as it was presented to me on that occasion.

It was a vast and vaulted room, whether of delicate or decided architecture I could not possibly declare—such a dream it was of wreaths and mystic floral arches. Pillars twined with gold-bloomed lime branches rose burthened with them to the roof, there mixing into the long festoons of oak-leaf, that hung as if they grew there from the grey-brown rafters. Everywhere was a drooping odour that had been oppressive, most unendurably sweet,

but for the strong air wafted and ruffling through the open windows on either hand.

We were sitting quite behind all others, on the loftiest tier of seats that were raised step by step so gently upwards to the back, and beneath us were seats all full, where none turned nor seemed to talk; for all eyes were surely allured and rivetted by the scenery to the fronting end. It was a lofty arched recess, spanning the extreme width of the Hall; a window half a dome of glass poured down a condensed light upon two galleries within which leaned into the form of the arch itself, and were so thickly interlaced with green, that nothing else was visible except the figures which filled them draped in white, side by side in shining rows like angels—so I thought. Young men and boys above, in flowing robes as choristers, overhung the maiden forms of the gallery below, and of these last every one wore roses on the breast as well as glistening raiment. These galleries of greenery were themselves overhanging a platform covered with dark green cloth, exquisitely fluted at the sides, and drawn in front over three or four steps that raised it from the flooring of the Hall. A band in two divisions graced the ground floor; I caught the sight immediately; but upon the platform itself stood a pianoforte alone, a table covered with dark green velvet, and about a dozen dark

green velvet chairs. These last were all filled except one, and its late occupant had pushed that one chair back while he stood at the top of the table with something glittering in his hand, and other somethings glittering before him upon the dark green surface. As we entered indeed he was so standing, and I took in all I have related with one glance, it was, though green, so definite.

"Look well at that gentleman who stands," whispered my guide most lowly; "it is he who is dispensing the prizes. He is Monsieur Milans-André, whom you wished to see."

I am blessed with a long sight, and I took a long survey; but lest I should prejudice the reader my criticisms shall remain in limbo.

"When we heard the singing it was that he had just dispensed a medal, and it is so the fellow competitors hail the successful student. If I mistake not, there is another advancing; but it is too far for us to hear his name. Do you see your master at the awful table? But, soft! I think his face is not this way."

Oh! I thought, and I laughed in my sleeve; he is dreaming I am safe at home, if he dreams about me at all, which is a question. But I was not looking after him, I took care to watch Milans-André, feeling sure my guide would prefer not to be stared upon in a public place like that.

The voice that called the candidates was high in key, and not unrefined ; but what best pleased me was to see one advance ; a boy, all blushing and bowing, to receive a golden medal, which Milans-André, his very self with his own hands, flung round the youngling's neck by its long blue ribbon. For then the same sweet verse in semi-chorus sounded from the loftiest gallery ; the males alone repeating it for their brother. I could not distinguish the words, but the style was quite alla Tedesca.

Then another youth approached, and received more airily a silver token with the same blue ribbon and songful welcome. Another and another, and at last the girls were called.

"See !" said my guide, "they have put the ladies last ! That shall not be when I take the reins of the committee. Oh ! for the Cecilian chivalry, what a taunting remembrance I will make it."

He was smiling, but I was surprised at the eagerness of his tones.

"Does it matter, Sir ?" said I.

"Signify ? it signifies so much the more that it is a little thing, a little token. But it shall not grow, it shall not swell. See, see ! look Charles ! what name was that ?"

I had not heard it either, but the impetuosity in his tones was so peculiar, that I was constrained to look up at him. His eye was dilated ; a singular flash of light rather than flush of colour, glowed upon his face, as if glory from the noonday sun had poured itself through the impervious roof. But his gaze forbade my gaze, it was so fixed and piercing upon something at the end of the hall. Imperceptibly to myself I followed it. The first maiden who had approached the chair was now turning to repass into her place. She was clad like the galleried ones, in white, but her whole aspect was unlike theirs', for instead of the slow step and lingering blush, her movement was a sort of flight as if her feet were sandalled with the wind, back again among the crowd ; and as she fled you could only discern some strange gleam of unusual grace in a countenance drooping, but not bashfully, and veiled with waves not ringlets, of hair more dark than pine trees at midnight : also it was impossible not to notice the angry putting back of one gloved hand, which crushed up the golden medal and an end of the azure ribbon, while the other was trailing upon the ground.

"She does not like it, she is proud, I suppose !" said I, and I laughed almost aloud. "I thought you knew them all, Sir ?"

"No, Charles, I was never here before, but as I am to have something to do with what they do, soon, I thought I had a right to come to-day."

"A right!" said I, "who else, if not, if you had not the right, Sir? But still I wonder how we got in so easily, I mean I, for if you had not brought me, I could not I suppose have come."

"It is this," he answered, smiling, and he touched his professor's cloak or robe, which was now encircling his shoulders, and waved about him pliantly. "They all wear the same, on entering these walls at least, who sit at the green table."

The choral welcome, meantime, had pealed from the lower gallery, and another had advanced and retired from the ranks beneath. My companion was intently gazing, not at the maiden troop, but at the deep festoons above us. He seemed to see nothing there though, and the very position of his hands resting upon each other, and entirely relaxed, bore witness to the langour of his abstraction. It occurred to me how very cool they were, both those who distributed, and those who received the medals; I felt there was an absence of the strict romance, if I may so name it, I had expected when I entered; for as we sat, and whence we saw, all was ideal to the sight and the sense was even lost in the spiritual appreciation of an exact propor-

tionateness to the occasion. Yet the silence alternating with the rising and abated voices—the harmony of the colouring and shadowing—the dim rustle of the green festoons—the waftures of woody and blossomy fragrance—the indoor forest feeling, so fresh and wild—all should have stood me in stead perhaps of the needless enthusiasm I should have looked for in such a meeting, or have witnessed without surprise. I was not wise enough at that time to define the precise degree and kind of enthusiasm I should have required to content me, but perhaps it would be impossible even now for any degree to content me, or for any kind not to find favour in my eyes, if natural and spontaneously betrayed. The want I felt, however, was just a twilight preparation of the faculties for the scene that followed.

The last silver medal had been carried from the table, the last white robed nymph had sought her seat with the ribbon streaking her drapery, when both the choral forces rose and sang together the welcome in more exciting fulness. And then they all sat down, and a murmur of voices and motion began to roll on all sides, as if some new part were to be played over.

The band arose on either side, and after a short deferential pause as if calling attention to something, commenced with perfect precision Weber's

"Jubel" Overture. It was my companion who told me its name, whispering it into my ear; and I listened eagerly, having heard of its author in every key of praise.

I did not much care for the effect though, it was as cool as needed to be after those cool proceedings; I dearly wanted to ask him whether he loved it, but it was unnecessary, for I could see it was even nothing to him by his face. He seemed passing judgment proudly, furtively, on all that chanced around him, and I could not but feel from that obscure corner, that he searched all, governed all with his eye.

Immediately on the conclusion of the overture, several professors left the table and clustered round the pianoforte. One opened it, and then Milans-André approached, and waving his creamy gloves, unclothed his hands, and stood at the front of the platform. Some boisterous shouts arose; they began near his station, and were imitated from the middle benches, but there was an unemonstrative coldness even in these; they seemed from the head, not the heart, as one might say. The artist did not appear distressed, indeed he looked too classically self-reliant to require encouragement.

He was what might be called extremely handsome. There was a largeness about his features

that would have told well in a bust, they were perfectly finished ; also a Phidias could not have planed another polish on the most oval nostril, a Canova could not have pumiced unparted lips to more appropriate curve. His eyes were too far for me to search, but I did not long to come at their full expression. He stood elegantly, while the plaudits made their way among the muffling leaves and therein went to sleep ; the golden flowers of the lindens hung down withering, smitten by the terror of his presence ! My companion to my surprise, my bewilderment even, applauded also, but as it were, mechanically ; he stood beside me on that topmost tier applauding, but his eyes were still fixed upon the roof. I heard his voice among the others, and it was just at that instant that some one, and *that* some one in a professor's robe, a gentleman of sage demeanour, started from one of the lower tiers, and looked back suddenly at him ; as suddenly fired, flushed, lighted, all over his face, wise and grave as it was. *He* saw not, still rapt, still looking upwards ; but I saw and felt, felt certain of the impression received. A sort of whisper crept along the tier, a portentous thrill, one and another, all—turned—and, before I could gather with my glance who had left them, several seats were voided beneath us.

In a few minutes I heard a long and silver

thundering chord. I knew it was the reveille of the wonderful Milans-André, but so many persons were standing and turning that I could not see, and could scarcely hear. Soon all must have heard less. As the keys continued to flash in unmitigated splendour, a rushing noise seemed arising also from the floor to the ceiling; it was indeed an earnest of my own pent-up enthusiasm that could not be repressed, for I found myself shouting, hurrahing, beneath my breath, as all did round me. I was not mistaken; some one opened the door by which we had entered, gustily, violently—and drew my companion away; before I thought of losing him, he was gone; I knew not whether led or carried; I knew not whether aroused, or in the midst of his high abstraction.

I pressed downwards, climbing over the benches, driving my way among those who stood, that I might see all as well as feel; but at length I stood upon a seat, and beheld what was worth beholding, is bright to remember, but oh! how hopeless to record. Just so might a painter dream to pour upon his canvas an extreme effect of sunset; those gorgeous effusions of golden flame and blinding roses that are dashed into dazzling mist before our hearts have gathered them to us, have made them in beauty so blazingly serene, our own.

The sound of the keys so brilliant, grew dulled

as by a tempest voice in distance ; not alone the hurras, the vivas, but the stir, the crash, of the dividing multitude. And before almost I could believe it, I beheld moving through the cloven crowd, that slight and unembarrassed form ; but he seemed alone to move as if urged by some potent necessity, for his head was carried loftily, and there was not the shadow of a smile upon his face.

It was evident that the people, between pressing and thronging, were determined to conduct him to the platform ; and it struck me from his hasty step and slightly troubled air, that he longed to reach it for calm to be restored. Milans-André meantime, will it be believed ? continued playing, and scarcely raised his eyes as my conductor at length mounted the steps, and seemed to my sight to shrink among those who now stood about him. But it was hopeless to restore the calm. I knew that from the first. He had no sooner trodden the elevation, than a burst of joyous welcome that drowned the keys—that drenched the very ear—forced the pianist to quit his place. No one looked at him of young or old, except those who had confronted him at the table ; they surrounded him, some with smiles and eager questions ; some with provoking gravity. The other was left alone to stem, as it were, that tide of deafening acclaim ; he slightly compressed his lip, made a slight mo-

tion forwards ; he lifted his hand with the slight deprecation that modesty or pride might have suggested alike—still hopelessly. The arrears of enthusiasm demanded to be paid with interest, the trampings, the shower-like claps, the shouts—only deepened, widened tenfold ; the multitude became a mob, and frantic—but with a glorious zeal ! Some tore handfuls of the green adorning the pillars, and passing it forwards it was strewn on the steps. From the galleries hung the excited children, girls and boys, and dividing their bouquets rained the roses upon his head, that floated crimson and pink and pearly to the green floor beneath his feet. With a sort of delicate desperation he shook his hair from those dropped flowers, and, for one instant, hid his face. The next, flung down his hands, and smiled a flashing smile ; so that, from lip to brow, it was as if some sun-beam fluttered in the cage of a rosy cloud ;—smiling above, below, and everywhere it seemed ;—ran round the group of professors to the piano, and without seating himself, without prelude, began a low and hymn-like melody.

Oh ! that you had heard the lull, like a dream dying, dissolving from the awakening brain—the deep and tremendous, yet living and breathing stillness—that sank upon each pulse of that enthu-

siasm raised and fanned by him, and by him absorbed and bidden to brood and be at rest !

I know not which I felt the most, the passion of that almost bursting heart of silence, as it were rolled together into a purple bud from its noon-day efflorescence by the power that had alone been able to unsheathe its glories,—or that stealing, creeping Peoples' Song, that in few and simple chords beneath one slender tender pair of hands, held bound as it were and condensed in one voice, the voice of myriads. For myself I writhed with bliss, I was petrified into desolation by delight ; but I was not singular on that occasion ; for those around me seemed alone to live, to breathe, that they might receive and retain those few precious golden notes, and learn those glorious lineaments, so pale, so radiant with the suddenly starting hectic, as his hands still stirred the keys to a fiercer inward harmony than that they veiled by touch.

It was not long, that holy Peoples' Song, I scarcely think it lasted five minutes, certainly not more ; but the effect may be better conceived, and the power of the player appreciated, when I say not one note was lost ; each sounded, rang almost hollow, in the intense pervading silence.

It is over—I thought ; as he raised those slender hands after a rich reverberating pause on the final

chord, swelling with dim arpeggios on the harmony as into the extreme of vaulting distance ;—it is over—and they will make that dreadful noise unless he plays again. Never have I been so mistaken, but how could I anticipate aught of him ? For as he moved he fixed his eyes upon the audience, so that each individual must have felt the glance within his soul—so seemed to feel it ; for it expressed a command sheathed in a supplication, unearthly, irresistible, that the applause should not be renewed.

There was perfect stillness, and he turned to Milans-André and spoke. Every one beneath the roof must have heard his words, for they were distinct as authoritatively serene. “ Will you be so good as to resume your seat ? ” And as if swayed by some angel power—such as drove the ass of Balaam to the wall—the imperial pianist sat down, flushed and rather ruffled, but with a certain pomp it was trying to me to witness ; and recommenced the concerto which had been so opportunely interrupted. Attention seemed restored, so far as the ear of the multitude was concerned, but every eye wandered to him who now stood behind the player, and turned the leaves of the composition under present interpretation. *He* seemed attentive enough, not the slightest motion of his features betrayed an unsettled thought, his eyes were bent

proudly, but calmly upon the page ; the rose light had faded from his cheek as the sunset flows from heaven into eternity—but how did he feel ? Hopeless to record because hopeless to imagine. Perhaps nothing, the triumph so short but bright had no doubt become such phantasm as an unnoticeable yesterday, to one whose future is fraught with expectation.

The concerto was long and elaborately handled. I felt I should really have admired it, have been thereby instructed, had not *he* been there. But there is something grotesque in talent when genius even in repose is by. It is as the splendour of a festive illumination, when the sun is rising upon the city ; that brightness of the night turns pale and sick, while the celestial darkness is passing away into day. There was an oppression upon all that I heard, for something different had unprepared me for anything, everything, except something else like itself. The committee were again at the table, and when I grew weary of the second movement, I looked for my master and found him exactly opposite ; but certainly not conscious of me. His beard delightfully trimmed, and his ink-black eyebrows were just as usual, but I had never seen such an expression as that with which he regarded the *One*. It was as if a stone had rolled from his heart and it had begun to beat like a child's ; it

was as if his youth were renewed like the eagle's ; it was as if he were drinking silently but deeply, celestial knowledge from those younger heavenly eyes. Does he love him so well then ? thought I —oh ! that I had known it, Aronach, for then I should have loved you, have found you out. But of course you don't think we are worthy to partake such feeling, and I don't know but that you are right to keep it from us. Would that concerto never be over ? was my next surmise—it was about the longest process of exhaustion to which I had ever been subjected ; as for me I yawned until I was dreadfully ashamed, but when I bethought myself to look round, lo ! there were five or six just out of yawns as well, and a few who had passed that stage and closed their eyes. It never struck me as unconscionable that we should tire, when we might gaze upon the face of him who had shown himself ready to control us all ; indeed I do believe that had there been nothing going on, no concerto, no Milans-André, but that he had stood there silent, just as calm and still—we should never have wearied the whole day long of feeding upon the voiceless presence, the harmony unresolved. But do you not know, oh reader ! the depression, the protracted suffering occasioned by the contemplation of any work of art, in music, in verse, in colour, or in form, that is presented to us

as model, that we are coaxed to admire, and enticed to appreciate—after we have accidentally but immediately beforehand experienced one of those ideal sensations, that whether awakened by Nature, by Genius, or by Passion suddenly elated, claim and condense our enthusiasm, so that we are not aware of its existence except on a renewal of that same sensation so suddenly dashed away from us as our sober self returns, and our world becomes again to-day, instead of that eternal something, new not vague, and hidden but not lost.

CHAPTER VI.

So absorbed was I, either in review or reverie, that I felt not when the concerto closed, and should have remained just where I was, had not the door swung quietly behind me. I saw who beckoned me from beyond it, and was instantly with him. He had divested himself of his cloak, and seemed ready rather to fly than to walk, so light was his frame, so elastic were his motions. He said as soon as we were on the stairs,

“ I should have come for you long ago, but I thought it was of no use until such time as I could find something you might eat ; for, Carlomein, you must be very hungry. I have caused you to forego your dinner, and it was very hard of me ; but if you will come with me you shall have something good and see something pretty.”

"I am not hungry, Sir," I of course replied ; but he put up his white finger :

"I am though ; please to permit me to eat ! Come this way."

He led me along a passage on the ground floor of the entrance hall, and through an official-looking apartment to a lively scene indeed. This was a room without walls, a sort of garden-chamber leading to the grounds of the Academy now crowded ; for the concerto had concluded with the whole performance, and the audience had dispersed immediately, though not by the way we came, for we had met no one. Pillars here and there upheld the roof, which was bare to the beams, and also dressed with garlands. Long tables spread below all down the centre and smaller ones at the sides, each covered with beautiful white linen, and decked with fluttering ribbons and little knots of flowers. Here piles of plates and glasses, coffee cups and tureens, betokened the purport of this pavilion ; but they were nothing to the baskets trimmed with fruits, the cakes and fancy bread, the masses of sweetmeat in all imaginable preparation. The middle of the largest table was built up with strawberries only, and a rill of cream poured from a silver urn into china bowls at the will of a serene young female who seemed in charge. A great many persons found their way hither, and

were crowding to the table, and the refreshing silence was only broken by the restless jingle of spoons and crockery. My guide smiled with a sprightly air.

"Come! we must find means to approach as well, for the strawberry pyramid will soon not have left one stone upon another."

I made way instantly to the table, and with no small difficulty smuggled a plate and had it filled with strawberries; I abjured the cream, and so did he to whom I returned; but we began to wander up and down.

"Let me recommend you," said he, "a slice of white bread, it is so good with strawberries, otherwise you must eat some sausage, for that fruit will never serve alone; you might as well starve entirely or drink dew-water."

"I don't see any bread," I answered, laughing: "it is all eaten."

"Oh ho!" he returned, and with the air of Puck he tripped across the Pavilion to a certain table from which the fair superintendent had flown—the ribbons and wreaths danced in the breeze, but the white linen was bare of a single loaf.

"I *must* have some bread for thee, Carlomein,
VOL. II.

D

and I indeed myself begin to feel the want unknown to angels."

Could this be the same, it struck me, who discoursed like an angel of that high throng? So animated was he: such a sharp brightness sparkled in his eyes.

"Somebody has run away with the loaf on purpose," he continued with his dancing smile; "I saw a charming loaf as I came in, but then the strawberries put it out of my head, and lo! it is gone."

"I *will* get some bread!"—and off I darted out of the Pavilion, he after me, and all eyes upon us.

It was a beautiful scene in the air; a lovely garden, not too trim but diversified with mounds and tree-crowned slopes all furnished with alcoves or seats and tables. Here was a hum of voices, there a fragment of part-song scattered by a laugh, or hushed with reverent shyness as all arose whether sitting or lying, to uncover the head as my companion passed. There were groups of ten or twelve, five or six, or two and two, together; many sat upon the grass itself so dry and mossy; and it was upon one of these parties, arranged in half Elysian, half gipsy style, that my companion fixed his thrilling eyes.

He darted across the grass. "I have it! I see it!"—and I was immediately upon his footsteps. These were all ladies, and as they wore no bonnets they could not uncover, but at the same time they were not conscious of our approach at first. They made a circle, and had spread a linen cloth upon the fervid floor: each had a plate, and almost every one was eating, except a young girl in the very middle of the ring. She was dispensing slice by slice, our missing bread-cake. But I did not look further, for I was lost in observing my guide; not understanding his expression, which was troubled and fallen, while his light tones shook the very leaves. "Ah! the thieves! the rogues! to steal the bread from our very mouths. Did I not know where I should find it! You cannot want it all: give us one slice, only one little slice! for we are starving as you do not know, and beggars as you cannot see, for we look like gentlemen."

I never shall forget the effect of his words upon the little group; all were scared and scattered in a moment, all except the young lady who held the loaf in her lap. I do not say she stirred not, on the contrary it was the impulsive grace of her gesture, as she swayed her hand to a little mound of moss by her side, just deserted, that made me

start and turn to see her, that turned me from *his* face a moment. "Ah! who art thou?" involuntarily sounded in my yet unaverted ear. He spoke as if to me, but how could I reply? I was lost as he, but in far other feelings than his; at least I thought so, for I was surprised at his ejaculatory wonder.

"I will cut some bread for you, Sir, if you will condescend to sit," said a voice which was as that of a child at its evening prayer, so full it was of an innocent idlesse; not naiveté, but differing therefrom as differs the lisp of infancy from the stammer of diffident manhood.

"I should like to sit; come also, Carlomein," replied my companion: and in defiance of all the etiquette of social Germany, which so defiantly breathes ice between the sexes, I obeyed. So did he his own intention; for he not only remained, but knelt on one knee while gazing with two suns in his eyes, he recalled the scattered company.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, "I order you!" and his silent smile seemed beckoning as a star, he waved his elfin hand. One strayed forwards, blushing through the hair; another disconcerted; and they all seemed sufficiently puzzled.

The gathering completed, my conductor took up the basket and peeped into every corner,

laughed aloud, handed it about, and stole no glance at the maiden president. I was watching her, though, for a mighty and thrilling reason, that to describe in any measure is an expectation most like despair. Had she been his sister the likeness between them had been more earthly—less appalling. I am certain it struck no one else present, and it probably might have suggested itself to no one anywhere besides, as I have since thought; but *me* it clove through heart and brain, like a two-edged sword whose temper is light instead of steel. So I saw and felt that she partook intimately, not alone of his nature, but of his inspiration; not only of his beauty, but his unearthly habit. And now, how to breathe in words the mystery that was never explained on earth! He was pure and clear, his brow like sun-flushed snow high lifted into light; her own dark if soft, and toned with hues of night from the purple under-deeps of her heavy braiding hair. His features were of mould so rare that their study alone as models would have superseded by a new Ideal the old fresh glories of the Greek marble world. Her's were flexibly inexpressive, all their splendour slept in uncharacteristic outline, and diffused themselves from her perfect eyes, as they awoke on her parted lips.

His eyes, so intense and penetrative, so wise and brilliant, with all their crystal calm and rousing fire ; were as unlike her's as the sun in the diamond to the sun upon the lonely sea. In her's the blue-green transparence seemed to serve alone as a mirror to reflect all hues of heaven ; in his, the heaven within as often struggled with the paler show of Paradise that nature lent him in his exile. But if I spoke of the rest—of the traits that pierce only when the mere veiling loveliness is rent asunder,—I should say it must ever bid me wonder to have discovered the divine fraternity in such genuine and artless symbol. It was as if the same celestial fire permeated their veins—the same insurgent longings lifted their very feet from the ground. The elfin hands of which I spoke, were not more rare—were not more small and subtile than the little grasping fingers she extended to offer him the bread, and from which his own received it. Nor was there wanting in her smile the strange immortal sweetness that signalized his own ; her's broke upon her parted lips like fragrance, the fragrance that *his* seemed to bear from the bursting buds of thought in the sunshine of inward fancy. But what riveted the resemblance most was the instancy of their sympathetic communion. While those around had quietly resumed

their occupation, too busy to talk—though certainly they might have been forgiven for being very hungry—*he*, no more kneeling, but rather lying than sitting with his god-like head turned upwards to the sky, continued to accost her, and I heard all they said.

“I knew you again directly, you perceive, but you do not look so naughty now as you did in the school; you were even angry, and I cannot conceive why.”

“Cannot you, Sir?” she replied, without the slightest embarrassment. “I wonder whether *you* would like to be rewarded for serving music.”

“*It* rewards *us*, you cannot avoid its reward, but I agree with you about the silver and the gold. We will have no more medals.”

“They like them, Sir, those who have toiled for them, and who would not toil but for the promise of something to show.”

“And the blue ribbons are very pretty.”

“So is the blue sky, and they can neither give it us nor take it from us, nor can they our reward.”

“And that reward?” asked he.

“Is to suffer for its sake,” she answered.

He lifted his eyebrows in a wondering archness. “To suffer? To suffer, who alone enjoy, and are

satisfied, and glorify happiness above all others, and above all other things?"

"Not all suffer, only the faithful; and to suffer is not to sorrow, and of all joy the blossom-sorrow prepares the fruit."

"And how old are you whose blossom-sorrow I certainly cannot find in any form upon your maiden presence?"

"You smile, and seem to say, 'thou hast not yet *lived* the right to speak, purchased by experience the freedom of speech.' I am both young and old—I believe I am younger than any just here, and I know more than they all do."

Was it pride, thought I, that curled beneath those tones so flowery-soft? for there was a lurking bitterness I had not found in *him*.

"Not younger than this one;" he took my hand and spread it across his knee. "These fingers are to weave the azure ribbon next."

"He is coming I know, but is not come; his name is upon the books. I hope he will not be an out-Cecilian, because I should like to know him, and we cannot know very well those who do not reside within the walls."

"He is one of my very friendly ones. Will you also be very friendly with him?"

"I always will.—Be friendly now!" and she smiled upon me an instant, very soon letting fall her eyes, in which I then detected a Spanish droop of the lids, though when raised her glance dispelled the notion, for the brightness there shone all unshorn by the inordinate length of the lashes, and I never saw eyes so light with lashes so defined and dark.

"So Sir, this azure ribbon which you admire is also to be woven for him?" she continued, as if to prolong the conversation.

"Not if symbols are to be the order of the day, for Carlomein, your colour is not *blue*."

"No, Sir, it is violet, you said."

"We say *blue violets*."

"Yes Sir," she responded quickly. "So we say the blue sky at night, but how different at night and by day! The violet holds the blue, but also that deeper soul by the blue alone made visible. All sounds seem to sleep in one, when that is the violin."

"You are speaking too well, it makes me afraid you will be disappointed;" I said in my first surprise. Then feeling I had blundered; "I mean in me."

"That would make no difference. Music is, and is eternal. We cannot add one moment to its eternity, nor by our inaptitude diminish the proper

glory of our art. Is it not so, Sir?" she inquired of him.

Like a little child somewhat impatient over a morning lesson, he shook his hair back, and sprung upon his feet.

"I wish you to show me the garden before I go; is this where you walk? And where is the Raphael?"

"That is placed in the conservatory by order of Monsieur Milans-André."

"Monsieur myself will have it moved. Why in the conservatory I wonder? It should be *at home* I think."

"It does look very well there to-day, as it is hung with its peculiar garland—the white roses."

"Yes, the angel-roses. Oh, come! see! let us go to the angel-roses!" and he ran down the bank of grass, and over the lawn among the people.

I was very much surprised at his gleeful impatience, not knowing a whit to what they alluded, and I only marvelled that no one came to fetch him; that we were suffered so long to retain him. We followed; I not even daring to look at the girl who had so expressed herself in my hearing, as to make me feel there were others who also *felt*; and turning the corner of the Pavilion we came into the shadow of a lovely walk, planted and arched with

lindens. It ran from a side door of the School-house to an indefinite distance. We turned into this grove, and there again we found him.

"How green! how ravishing!" he exclaimed, as the sunsrent shadows danced upon the ground. "Oh! that scent of scents, and sweetest of all sweetnesses, the linden flower! You hold with me there, I think?"

"Yes entirely, and yet it seems just sweet enough to promise, not to be, all sweetness."

"I do not hold with you there! All that is sweet we cherish for itself, or I do, and I could not be jealous of any other sweetness, when one sweetness filled up my soul."

Yes I thought; but I did not express it, even to myself, as it now occurs to me—*that* is the difference between your two temperaments. And so indeed it was; *he* aspired so high that he could taste all sweetness in every sweetness, even here: *she* younger, weaker, frailer, could only lose herself between the earth and heaven, and dared not cherish any sweetness to the utmost, while here unsafely wandering.

"And this conservatory, how do you use it?"

"We do not use it generally; we may walk round it, but on state occasions refreshments are served there to our professors and their friends. I dare say it will be so to-day."

"There will be people in there you mean? In that case I think I shall remain, and sun myself on the outside. You, Carlomein, shall go in and look at the picture for me."

"Is it a picture, Sir? But I cannot see it for you; I should be afraid. I wish you would come in, Sir!"

"Ah! I know why! You are frightened lest Aronach should pounce upon you, is it not?"

I laughed.

"A little, Sir."

"Well, in that case I *will* come in. It does look inviting—pretty room!" We stopped at the conservatory door. It was rather large, and very long; a table down the centre was dressed with flowers, and overflowing dishes decked the board. There were no seats, but a narrow walk ran round, and over this the foreign plants were grouped richly, and with excelling taste. The roof was not curtained with vine-leaves, as in England, but it was covered with the immense leaves and ivory-yellow blossoms of the *magnolia grandiflora*, which made the small arched space appear expanded to immensity by the largeness of its type and gave to all the exotics an air of home.

At the end of the vista, some thirty feet in length, there were several persons all turned from us; and, as we crept along one by one until we

reached that end, the odours of jasmin and tube-rose were heavy upon every breath ; I felt as if I must faint until we attained that point where a cool air entered ; refreshing, though itself just out of the hottest sunshine I had almost ever felt. This breeze came through arched doors on either hand half open, and met in two embracing currents where the picture hung. All were looking at the picture, and I instantly refrained from criticism. It was hung by invisible cords to the frame work of the conservatory, and thence depended. About it and around it clustered the deep purple bells and exquisite tendrils and leaves of the maurandia, while the scarlet passion flower met it above and mingled its mystic splendours. Other strange glories, but for me nameless, pressing underneath shed their glowing smiles from fretted urns or vases ; but around the frame, and so close to the picture as to hide its other frame entirely, lay the cool white roses, in that dazzling noon so seeming, and amidst those burning colours. The picture itself was divine as painting can render its earthly ideal, so strictly significant of the set rules of beauty. All know the St. Cecilia of Raphael D'Urbino ; this was one of the oldest copies, and was the greatest treasure of the Committee, having been purchased for an extravagant sum by the

President, from the funds of the foundation ; a proceeding I did not clearly comprehend, but was too ignorant to tamper with. It was the young lady who enlightened me as I stood by her side. Of those who stood there, I concluded the most part had already refreshed themselves ; they held plates or glasses, and in a few minutes first one and then another recognised our companion, and that with a reverential impressiveness it charmed me to behold. It may have been the result of his exquisitely bright and simple manner, for he had wholly put aside the awful serene reserve that had controlled the crowd in public. Milans-André happened to be there ; I beheld him now, and also saw that taking hold upon that arm I should not have presumed to touch, he drew on our guide as if away from us. But this one stayed, and resting his hand upon the table, inquired with politeness for a court :

“ Where is your wife ? Is she here to-day ! I want to shew her to a young gentleman.”

Milans-André looked down upon him ; for he was quite a head taller, though not tall himself. “ She is here, but not in here. I left her with the Baroness Silberung. Come and see her in-doors. She will be highly flattered.”

“ No ; I am not coming ! I have two children

to take charge of. Where is Professor Aronach?"

"In the Committee-room, and in a great rage. With you, too, it appears Chevalier."

"With me, is it? I am so glad."

He stepped back to us.

"I do not believe that anyone can make him so angry as I can! It is charming, Carlomein!"

Oh, that name! that dear investment! how often it thrilled me and troubled me with delight, that day.

"I suppose, Sir, I have something to do with it."

Before he could reply, Milans-André had turned back, and with scornful complacency awaited him near a glass dish of ices dressed with ice-plant. He looked revengeful, too, as he helped himself; and on our coming up he said, "Do you eat nothing, Chevalier?" while filling a plate with the pink-frozen strawberry.

"Oh I could eat it, if I would; for who could resist that rose-coloured snow? but I have no time to eat; I must go find Aronach, for I dreamed I should find him here."

"My dear Chevalier! drink then with me?"

"In Rhine wine? Oh yes; mein Herr Pro-

fessor ! and let us drink to all other Professors and Chevaliers in ourselves represented."

The delicately caustic tones in which he spoke, were as it were sheathed by the unimpeachable grace of his demeanour, as he snatched first one and then another and the third, of three tall glasses, and filling them from the tapering bottle to the brim, presented one to the lovely girl who had screened herself behind me, one to myself, and the third to himself ; all the while regarding Milans-André who was preparing his own, with a mirthful expression, still one of the very sweetest that could allure the gaze.

When André looked up, he turned a curious paleness, and seemed almost stoned with surprise. I could neither understand the one thing nor the other ; but after our pledge, which we two heartily responded to, my maiden companion gave me a singular beckoning nod which, for the instant, reminded me of Miss Lawrence, and at the same time moved and stood four or five steps away. I followed to the Pomegranate plant.

" Come even closer," she whispered, " for I dare say you are curious about those two."

If she had not been, as she was, most unusually beautiful to behold, I should dearly have grudged

her that expression—"those two;"—but she constrained me by her sea-blue eyes to attentive silence.

"You see what a power has the greater one over the other. I have never seen *him* before, but my brother has told me about him; besides, here he is worshipped, and no wonder. The Cecilia School was founded by one Gratianos a *Bachist*, about forty years ago, but not to succeed all at once of course; the foundations were too poor, and the intentions too sublime. Louis Spohr's works brought us first into notice, because our students distinguished themselves at a certain festival four years ago. The founder died about that time, and had not Milans-André put himself in the way to be elected President, we should have gone to nothing; but he was rich and wanted to be richer, so he made of us a speculation, and his name was sufficient to fill the classes from all parts of Europe. But we should have worse than gone to nothing soon, for we were slowly crystallizing into the same order as certain other musical orders that shall not be named, for perhaps you would not know what I mean by quoting them."

"I could if you would explain to me, and I suppose you mean the music that is studied is not so select as it should be."

“That is quite enough to the purpose,” she proceeded with quite an adult fluency. “About three months ago we gave a great concert. The proceeds were for enlarging the premises, and we had a great crowd, not in the room we used to-day which is new, but in the large room we shall now keep for rehearsals. After the concert, which André conducted and at which all the prodigies assisted, the conductor read us a letter. It was from one we had all heard of, and whom many of us loved secretly, and dared not openly, for reasons sad and many—from the ‘Young Composer,’ as André satirically chose to call him, the Chevalier Seraphael.”

“Oh!” I cried, “is that his name? What a wonderful name! It is like an angel to be called Seraphael.”

“Hush! none of that now, because I shall not be able, perhaps, to tell you what I want you to know before you come here. Seraphael had just refused the post of Imperial pianist, which had been pressed upon him very earnestly, and the reason he gave for refusing it certainly stands alone in the annals of artistic policy:—That there was only one composer living to whom the office of Imperial pianist should be confided, and by whom it must be assumed—Milans-André himself. Then

it went on to insinuate, that by exclusive exchange only could such an arrangement be effected: in short, that Milans-André, who must not go out of Austria, should be prevailed upon, in that case, to resign the humble position that detained him here to the young composer himself. Now Milans-André did resign, as you may suppose; but they say, not without a *douceur*, and we presented him with a gold beaker engraved with his own arms, when he retired—that was not the *douceur*, mind; he had a benefit.”

“That means a concert with all the money it brought for himself. But why did you not see the Chevalier until to-day?”

“Some of ours’ did—the band and the chorus, but I do not belong to either. You have no idea what it is to serve music under Milans-André; and when *He* came to-day, we all knew what it meant who were wishing for a new life. It was a sort of electric snapping of our chains when he played to-day.”

“With that Volkslied?”

“Yes,” she responded with tremulous agitation; “with that Volkslied. Who shall say he does not know all hearts?”

“But it is not a Burschen-song, nor like one; it is like nothing else.”

“ No, thank God ! a song for the women as well as the men. You never heard such tones, nor I. Well it was that we could put words to them, everybody there.”

“ And yet it was a song without words,” said a voice so gentle that it stole upon my imagination like a sigh.

“ Oh Sir ! is it you ?”

I started, for he was so near us, I was afraid he might have been vexed by hearing. But *she* was unchanged, unruffled as a flower of the conservatory by the wind without. She looked at him full, and he smiled into her very eyes.

“ I only heard your very last words. Do not be afraid ! for I knew you were talking secrets, and that is a play I never stop. But Carlomein, when you have played your play I must carry you to your master, whom I might call *ours*’, and beg his pardon for all my iniquities.”

“ Oh Sir ! as if you needed,” I said ; but the young lady answered—

“ *I* shall retreat then, Sir, and indeed this is not my place.”

She curtseyed lowly as to a monarch, but without a shadow of timidity so much as the flutter of one rose-leaf, and passed out among the flowers, he looking after her strangely, wistfully.

"Is not that a Cecilia, Carlomein?"

"If you think so, Sir."

"You do not think it? you ought to know as well as I. As she is gone, let us go."

And lightly as she fled, he turned back to follow her; but we had lost her when we came into the garden. As he passed along however, also among the flowers, he touched first one and then another of the delicate plants abstractedly until at length he pulled off one blossom of an eastern jasmin, a beautiful specimen, white as his own forehead, and of perfume sweetest next his breath.

"Oh!" said he gaily, "I have bereaved the soft sisterhood; but," he added earnestly, as he held the pale blossom between his fairest fingers, "I wonder whether they are unhappy so far from home. I wonder whether they *know* they are away."

"I should think not, Sir, or they would not blossom so beautifully."

"That is nothing, and no reason, oh! Carlomein; for I have seen such a beautiful soul that was away from home, and it was very homesick; yet it was so fair, so very fair, that it would put out the eye of this little flower."

I could not help saying, or quickly murmuring rather, "It must be your soul then, Sir."

“Is it mine to thee? It is to me another—but that does not spoil thy pretty compliment.”

I never heard tones so sweet, so infantine. But we had reached the door of the glass chamber, and I then observed that he was gazing anxiously, certainly with inquiry, at the sky. At that moment it first struck me that since our entrance beneath the shadowy greenness the sun had gone in. Simultaneously a shade, as from a springing cloud, had fallen upon that brilliant countenance. We stepped out into the linden grove, and then it came upon me indeed that the heavens were dulled, and a leaden languor had seized upon the fresh young foliage. Both leaves and yellow blossom hung wearily in the gloom, and I felt the intense lull that precedes an electric shower. I looked at him; he was entirely pale and the soft lids of his eyes had dropped, their lights had gone in like the sun. His lips seemed to flutter, and he spoke with apprehensive agitation.

“I think it will rain, but we cannot stay in the conservatory.”

“Sir, it will be dry there,” I ventured.

“No, but if it should thunder.”

At the very instant the western cloud-land as it were shook with a quivering flash, though very far off, for the thunder was indeed but a mut-

ter several minutes afterwards. But he seemed stricken into stillness, and moved not from the trees at the entrance of the avenue.

"Oh, Sir!" I cried, I could not help it, I was in such dread for him: "do not stand under the trees; it is a very little way to the house, and we can run."

"Run, then!" he answered sweetly; "but I cannot, I never could stir in a storm."

"Pray Sir! oh pray come!" (the big drops were beginning to prick the leafy calm); and you will take cold too Sir, oh come!"

But he seemed as if he could scarcely breathe, he pressed his hands on his brow and hid his eyes. I thought he was going to faint, and under a vague impression of fetching assistance I rushed down the avenue.

CHAPTER VII.

I CAN never express my satisfaction, when two or three trees from the end I met the magic maiden herself, all hooded, and carrying an immense umbrella.

“Where is this Chevalier of ours’?” she asked me with eagerness, “you surely have not left him alone in the rain?”

“I was coming for you,” I cried, for such was in fact the case; but she noticed not my reply, and sped fleetly beneath the now weeping trees. I stood still, the rain streaming upon my head, and the dim thunder every now and then bursting and dying mournfully yet in the distance, when I heard them both behind me. How astonished was I! I turned, and joined them; they were talking very fast, the strange girl having her very eyes fixed on

the threatening sky, at which she laughed. He was not smiling, but seemed borne along by some impulse he could not resist, and was even unconscious of ; he held the umbrella above them both, and she cried to me to come also beneath the canopy. We had only one clap as we crossed the lawn, now reeking and deserted ; but a whole levée was in the refreshment Pavilion waiting for the monarch. So many professors robed—so many Cecilians with their badges—that I was ready to shrink into a nonentity, instead of feeling myself by my late privilege superior to all. Every person appeared to turn as we made our way ; but for all the clamour I heard him whisper, “ You have done with me what no one ever did yet, and, oh ! I do thank you for being so kind to the foolish child. But come with me that I may thank you elsewhere.”

“ I would rather stay, Sir ; here is my place, and I went out of my place to do you that little service, of which it is out of the question to speak.”

“ You must not be proud. Is it too proud to be thanked, then ?”

With the gentlest grace he held out to her the single jasmin blossom. “ See, no tear has dropped upon it, will you take its last sigh ?”

She drew it down into her hand, and almost as

airily as he moved, glided in among the crowd which soon divided us from her.

Seraphael himself sighed so very softly, that none could have *heard* it, but I saw it part his lips and heave his breast.

"She does not care for me, you see!" he said, in a sweet, half pettish manner, as we left the Pavilion.

"Oh, Sir! because she does not come with you? That is the very reason, because she cares so much."

"How do you make that out?"

"I remember the day I brought you that water Sir, how I was afraid to stay although I would have given everything to stay and look at your face, and I ran away so fast, because of that."

"Oh, Carlomein! hush! or you must make me vain. I wonder very much why you do like me, but pray let it be so!"

"Like you!" I exclaimed, as we moved along the corridor, "you are *all* music—you must be, for I knew it before I had heard you play."

"They do say so; I wonder whether it is true!" said he, laughing a bright sudden laugh, as brightly sounding as his smile was bright to gaze on; "we shall all know some time, I suppose. Now, Carlomein, what to say to this master of yours about

you? for here we are at the door, and there is he inside."

"Pray Sir, say what you like, and nothing if you like, for I don't care whether he storms or not."

"Storms is a very fine word, but, like our thunder, I expect it will go off very quietly. How kind it was not to thunder and lighten much, and to leave so soon!"

"Oh, I am so glad! I hate thunder and lightning."

"Do you? and yet you ran for me. Thank you for another little lesson."

He turned, and bowed to me, not mockingly, but with a sweet grave humour. He opened the door at that moment, and I went in behind him. The very first person I saw was Aronach, sitting, as if he never intended to move again, in a great wooden chair, writing in a long book, while other attentive worthies looked over his shoulder. His eyes were down, and my companion crept round the room next the wall as noiselessly as a walking shadow. Then behind the chair, and putting up his finger to those around, he embraced with one arm the chair's stubborn back, and stretched the other forwards, spreading his slender hand out wide into the shape of some pink clear fan-shell,

so as to intercept the view Aronach had of his long book, and that unknown writing.

“Der Teufel!” growled Aronach, “dost thou suppose I don’t know thy hand among a thousand? But thy pranks won’t disturb me any more now than they did of old. Take it off then! and thyself too.”

“Oh, I dare say! but I won’t go; I want to show thee a sight, father Aronach.”

He then drew *my* arm forwards and held my hand by the wrist, as by a handle, just under Aronach’s nose. *He* looked indeed now, and so sharply, snappishly, that I thought he would have bitten my fingers, and felt very nervous. Seraphael broke into one of his laughter chimes, but still dangled my member; and when Aronach really saw my phiz, he no longer snapped nor roused up grandly, but sunk back impotent in that enormous chair. He winked indeed furiously, but his eyes did not flash, so I grew still in my own mind and thought to speak to him first. I said, somehow, and never thinking a creature was by except that companion of mine—

“Dear Master, I would not have come without your leave; but you know very well I could not refuse this gentleman, because he is a friend of your’s, and you said yourself we must all obey him.”

“ Whippersnapper and dandiprat ! I never said such words to *thee* ; I regard him too much to inform such as thou with obedience. Thou hast, I can see very clearly, made away with all his spirit by thy frivolities, and I especially commend thee for dragging such as he up the hill in this heat. There are no such things as coaches in the Kell Platz, I suppose, or have the horses taken a holiday too ? ”

“ Stop ! stop ! Aronach ; for though I am a little boy,” said the other, “ I am bigger than he, and I brought him, not he me ; and I dragged him hither too, for I don’t like your coaches. And it is I who ought to beg pardon for taking him from work he likes so much, better than any play, as he told me. But I did want to walk with him, that I might ask him about my English friends, with whom he is better acquainted than I am. He does know them, oh ! so well, and had so many interesting anecdotes ! ”

At the utterance of this small white fib I was almost in fits, but he still went on.

“ I know I have done very wrong, and I was an idle boy to tempt him, but you yourself could not help playing truant to-day ; and, dearest master,” (here his sweet, sweet voice was retrieved from the

airy gaiety), "do let me come back with you to-day and have a story-telling. You have not told me a story for a sad long time."

"If you come back, Chevalier, and if we are to get back before bed-time, I would have you go along and rest, if you can, until I shall be free; for I shall never empty my hands while you are by."

Aronach did not say "thou" here, I noticed, and his voice was even courteous, though he still preserved his stateliness. Like a boy indeed, Seraphael laid hold on my arm and pulled me from the room again. I cannot express the manly indignation of the worthies we left in there at such sportiveness. They all stood firm, and in truth they *were* all older, both in body and soul, than we. But no sooner were we outside than he began to laugh, and he laughed so that he had to lean against the wall. I laughed too; it was a most contagious spell.

"Now Carl," he said, "very Carlomein! we will make a tour of discovery. I declare I don't know where I am, and am afraid to find myself in the young ladies' bed-rooms; but I want to see how things are carried on here."

We turned this way and that way; he running down all the passages, and trying the very doors, but these were all locked.

"Oh!" he exclaimed vivaciously, "they are, I suppose, too fine!" and then we explored further. One end of the corridor was screened by a large oaken door from another range of rooms, and not without difficulty we effected an entrance for the key, although in the lock, was rusty, and no joke to turn. Here again were doors, right and left; here also all was hidden under lock and key that they might be supposed to contain; but we did at last discover a curious hole at the end which we did not take for a room until we came inside having opened the door which was latched, and not especially convenient. However, before we advanced I had ventured, "Sir, perhaps some one is in there, as it is not fastened up."

"I shall not kill them, I suppose!" he replied, with a curious eagerness; then with the old sweetness, "You are very right, I will knock, but I know it will be knocking to nobody."

He had then touched the panel with his delicate knuckles; no voice had answered, and with a mirthful look he lifted the latch and we both entered. It was a sight that surprised me; for a most desolate prison cell could not have been darker. The window ought not to be so named, for it let in no light, only shade, through its lack-lustrous

green glass. There was no furniture at all, except a very narrow bed looking harder than Lenhart Davy's, but wearing none of that air of his. There was a closet, as I managed to discover in a niche, but no chest, no stove; in fact there was nothing suggestive at all, except one solitary picture, and that hung above the bed, and looked down into it, as it were to protect and bless. I felt I know not how, when I saw it then and there; for it was—what picture do you think? A copy of the very musical cherub I had met with upon Aronach's wreath-hung walls. It was fresher, newer, in this instance, but it had no gold or carven frame: it was bound at its edge with fair blue ribbon only beautifully stitched, and suspended by it too. Above the graceful tie was twisted one long branch of lately gathered linden blossom which looked itself sufficient to give an air of Heaven to the close little cell; it was even as flowers upon a tomb, those sighs and smiles of immortality where the mortal has passed for ever!

“Oh, Sir!” I said, and I turned to him; for I knew his eyes were attracted thither—“Oh, Sir! do you know whose portrait that is; for my master has it, and I never dared to ask him; and the others do not know.”

"It is a picture of the little boy who played truant, and tempted another little boy to play truant too."

And then, as he replied, I wondered I had not thought of such a possibility ; for looking from one to the other I could not now but trace a certain definite resemblance between *those* floating baby ringlets and the profuse dark curls wherein the elder's strength almost seemed to hide : so small and infinitely spiritual was he in his incomparable organization.

"Now, Sir, do come and rest a little while before we go."

He was standing abstractedly by that narrow bed, and looked as sad, as troubled, as in the impending thunder-cloud ; but he rallied just as suddenly.

"Yes, yes ! we had better go, or she might come !"

I could not reply ; for this singular prescience daunted me—how could he tell it was *her* very room ? But when we came into the corridor, I beheld, by the noonday brightness which was not banished thence, that there was a kind of moist light in his eyes ; not tears, but as the tearful glimmer of some blue distance, when rain is falling upon those hills.

We threaded our way down stairs again, for he seemed quite unwilling to explore further, and I wondered where he would lead me next ; when we met Milans-André in the hall. The Chevalier blushed even as an angry virgin on beholding him, but still met him cordially as before.

"Where are you staying, Chevalier ? At the Fürstin Haus ?"

"I am not staying here at all. I am going back to Lorbeerstadt to sleep, and to-morrow to Altenweg, and then to many places, for many days."

"Oh ! I thought you would have supped with me, and I could have a little initiated you ; but if you are really returning to Lorbeerstadt, pray use my carriage which is waiting in the yard."

"You are only too amiable, my dear André ; we shall use it with the greatest pleasure."

Oh how black did André look when Seraphael laid that small delicate stress upon the "we ;" for I knew the invitation intended his colleague, and included no one else. But the other evidently took it all for granted, and again thanking him with exquisite gaiety, ran out into the court-yard, and cried to me to come and see the carriage.

"I have a little coach myself," he said to me, and also to André who was lounging behind along

with us ; “ but it is a toy compared with your’s, and I wonder I did not put it into my pocket, it is so small—only large enough for thee and me, Carlomein.”

“ Why Seraphael, you are dreaming—there are no such equipages in all Vienna as your father’s and mother’s.”

“ They are not mine, you see, and if I drove such, I should look like a sparrow in a hencoop. Oh, Carlomein ! what quantities of sparrows there are in London ! Do they live upon the smuts ?”

At this instant the carriage whose driver André had beckoned to draw up, approached, and then we both ran to fetch Aronach who came out very grumbling, for the entry in the long book was scarcely dry ; and he saluted nobody but marched after us like a person suddenly wound up, putting himself heavily into the carriage, which he did not notice in the least. It was an open carriage, Paris-built (as I now know), and so luxuriously lined, as not to be very fit for an expedition in any but halcyon weather. As for Seraphael he flung himself upon the seat as a cowslip ball upon the grass, and scarcely shook the light springs ; and as I followed him, he made a profound bow to the owner of the equipage, who disconsolately enough, still stood within the porch.

"Now I do enjoy this, Carlomein! I cannot help loving to be saucy to André—good, excellent, and wonderful as he is."

I looked to find whether he was in earnest; but I could not tell, for his eyes were grave, and the lips at rest. But Aronach gave a growl, though mildly—as the lion might growl in the day when a little child shall lead him.

"You have not conquered that weakness yet, and I prophesy never will."

"What weakness, Master?" but he faltered even as a little child.

"To excuse fools, and fondle slaves."

"Oh, my Master, do not scold me!" and he covered his eyes with his little blue-veined hands. "It is so sad to be a fool or a slave, that we should do all for such we can do, especially if we are not so ourselves. I think myself right there."

His pleading tone here modulated into the still authority I had noticed once or twice, and Aronach gave a smile in reply which was the motion of the raptured look I had noticed during the improvisation.

"Thou teachest yet then out of thy vocation; but thou art no more than thou ever hast been, too much for thy old Master. And as wrens fly faster,

and creep stealthier than owls, so art thou already whole heavens beyond me."

But with tender scornfulness Seraphael put out his hand in deprecation, and throwing back his hair, buried his head in the cushion of the carriage, and shut his eyes. Nor did he again open them until we entered our little town.

I need scarcely say I watched him, and often, as in a glassy mirror, I see that face again upturned to the light—too beautiful to require any shadow, or to seek it—see again the dazzling day draw forth its lustrous symmetry, while ever the soft wind tried to lift those deep locks from the lucid temples, but tried in vain; what I am 'unable to picture to myself in so recalling, being the ever restless smile that played and fainted over the lips, while the closed eyes were feeding upon the splendours of the Secret. I shall never forget either though how they opened, and he came as it were to his childlike self again, as the light carriage—light indeed for Germany—dashed round the Kell Platz, where its ponderous contemporaneous contradictions were ranged, and took the fountain square in an unwonted sweep. Then he sat forward and watched with the greatest eagerness, and he sprang out almost before we stopped.

"I think Carl and I could save you these stairs,

Master mine," he exclaimed. "Let us carry you up between us!"

But what do you think was the reply? Seraphael had spoken in his gleeful voice, but Aronach wore his gravest frown as he turned and pounced suddenly upon the other, whipping him up in his arms and hoisting him to his shoulder, then speeding up the staircase with his guest as if the weight were no greater than a flower or a bird. I could not stir some moments from astoundment and alarm, for I had instantaneous impressions of Seraphael flying over the balusters; but presently, when his laugh came ringing down—and I realized it to be the laugh of one almost beside himself with fun—I flew after them, and found them on the dark landing at the foot of our own flight. Seraphael was now upon his feet, and I quite appreciated the delicate policy of the old head here. He said in a moment, when his breath was steady—

"Now, if they offer to chair thee again at the Quartzmayne Festival, and thou turnest giddy-pate, send for me!"

"I certainly will, if they offer such an honour; but once is quite enough, and they will not do it again."

"Why not?"

"Because I fell over into the river, and was

picked up by a fisherman ; and desiring to know my character after I was dead, I made him cover me with his nets and row me down to Clarstein, quite three miles ; there I supped with him and slept too, and the next morning heard that I was drowned."

" Oh ! one knows that history, which found its way into a certain paper among the lies, and was published in illustration of the eccentricities of genius."

Aronach said this very cross ; I wondered whether it was with the press or his pupil, but if it were with the latter *he* only enjoyed it the more.

Then Aronach bade me conduct his guest into the organ-room, while he himself put a period to those howlings of the immured ones which yet conscientiously asserted themselves. We waited a few moments up-stairs, and then Aronach carried off the Chevalier to his own room—a sacred region I had never approached, and which I could only suppose to exist. I then rushed to mine, and was so long in collecting my senses, that Starwood came to bid me to supper. I did not detain him then, though I had so much to say ; but I observed that he had his Sunday coat on—a little blue frock braided ; and I remembered that I ought to have assumed my own. Still my wardrobe was in such

perfect order (thanks to Clo) that my own week coat was more respectable than many other boys' Sunday ones, and though I have the instinct of personal cleanliness very strong, I cannot say I like to look smart.

When I reached our parlour, I was quite dazzled. There was a sumptuous banquet, as I took it, arranged upon a cloth the fineness and whiteness of which so far transcended our daily style that I immediately apprehended it had proceeded from the secret hoards in that wonderful closet of Aronach's. The tall glasses were interspersed with silver flagons, and the usual garnishings varied by all kinds of fruits and flowers, which appeared to have sprung from a magic touch or two of that novel magic presence. For the rest, there were delicious milk-porridge on our accounts, and honey and butter, and I noticed those long-necked bottles one like which Santonio had emptied, and which I had never seen upon that table since—for Aronach was very frugal and taught us to be so. I was so from taste and by habit, but Iskar would have liked to gorge himself with dainties I used to think. When I saw this last seated at the table I was highly indignant, for he had set his stool by Seraphael's chair. He had fished from his marine store of clothes a crumpled white silk waistcoat,

over which he had invested himself with a tarnished silver watch-chain. But I would not, if I could, recall his audacious manner of gazing over everything upon the table and everybody in the room ; with those legs of his stretched out for any one to tumble over, or rather, on purpose to make me stumble. I knew this very well, and avoided him by placing my stool on the opposite edge of the board, where I could still look into the eyes I loved if I raised my own.

This insignificant episode will prove that Iskar had not grown in my good graces, nor had I acquainted myself better with him than on the first night of my arrival. I knew him not—but I knew *of* him, for every voice in the house was against him, and he gave promise of no small power upon his instrument, together with small promise of musical or mental excellence ; as all he did was correct to caricature and inimitably mechanical. Vain as he was of his playing, his vanity had small scope on that score under that quiet roof-shadow, so it spent itself upon his person, which was certainly elegant, if vulgar. I am not clear but that one of these personal attractions always infers the other. But why I mention Iskar is, that I may be permitted to recall the expression with which our master's guest regarded

him. It was a grieved yet curious glance, with that child-like scrutiny of what is not true all abashing to the false, *unless* the false has lost all child-likeness. Iskar must I suppose have lost it, for he was not the least abashed, and was really going to begin upon his porridge before we had all sat down, if Aronach had not awfully but serenely rebuked him. Little Starwood, by my side, looked as fair and as pretty as ever, rather more shy than usual. Seraphael, now seated, looked round with that exquisitely sweet politeness I have never met with but in him, and asked us each whether we would eat some honey, for he had the honey-pot before him. I had some, of course, for the pleasure of being helped by him, and he dropped it into my milk in a gold flowing stream, smiling as he did so. It was so we always ate honey at Aronach's, and it is so I eat it to this day. Little Star put out his bowl too—oh! those great heavy wooden bowls!—it was just too much for him, and he let it slip. Aronach was rousing to thunder upon him, and I felt as if the ceiling were coming down (for I knew he was angry, on account of that guest of his), when we heard that voice in its clear authority—“Dear Aronach, do nothing! the milk is not spoiled.” And turning all of us together, we saw that he had caught the bowl on

his outstretched hands, and that not a drop had fallen. I mention it as illustrative of that miraculous organization in which intent and action were simultaneous, the motions of whose will it seemed impossible to retard or anticipate. Even Iskar looked astonished at this feat ; but he had not long to wonder, for Aronach sternly commended us to great haste in the disposal of our supper.

I needed not urging, for it was natural to feel that the Master and his Master must wish to be alone ; indeed, I should have been thankful to escape eating, though I was very hungry, that I might not be in the way ; but directly I took pains to do away with what I had before me, I was forbidden by Aronach "to bolt."

I lay awake many hours in a vague excitement of imaginary organ-sounds, welling up to heaven from heaven's under-springs. I languished in a romantic vision of that face surrounded with cloud-angels, itself their out-shining light. I waited to hear his footsteps upon the stairs, when he should at length depart ; but so soft was that departing motion, that even I, listening with my whole existence, heard it not, nor heard anything to remind my heart silence that he had come and gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

I THINK I can relate nothing else of that softest month of summer, nor of sultry June. It was not until the last week I was to change my quarters; but long as it seemed in coming, it came when I was hardly prepared for the transfer. Aronach returned to his stricter self again after that supper; but I felt certain he had heard a great deal after we had left the table, as an expression of softer character forsook not his eyes and smile for many days. I could not discover whether anything had passed concerning Starwood who remained my chief anxiety, as I felt if I left him there alone, he would not get on at all. Iskar and I preserved our mutual distance, though I would fain have been more often with him, for I wanted to make him out. He practised harder

than ever, and hardly took time to eat and drink, and only on Sundays, a great while to dress. He was always very jauntily put together when we set out to church, and looked like a French manikin, but for his upper lip and the shallow width of his forehead. I thought him very handsome, while yet so young he was so ; but his charm consisted for me in his being unapproachable, and, as I thought, mysterious.

We saw about as little of each other as it was possible to see, living in the same house and dining in the same room ; but we never talked at meals, we had no time.

It is but fair to allow myself an allusion to my violin, as it was becoming a very essential feature in my history. With eight hours practice a day I had made some solid progress ; but it did not convict me of itself yet, as I was not allowed to play, only to acquaint myself with the anatomy of special compositions, as exercises in theory. Iskar played so easily, and gave such an air of playing to practice, that it never occurred to me I was getting on, though it was so, as I found in time. At this era I hated the violin, just as pianoforte students hate the pianoforte during the period of apprenticeship to mechanism. I hated the sound that saluted me morning, noon, and night ; I shrank from it ever

unaccustomed, for the penetralia of my brain could never be rendered less susceptible by piercing and searching its recesses. I believe my musical perception was as sensitive as ever, all through this epidemic dislike, but I felt myself personally very musically indisposed. I could completely dissociate my ideal impressions of that I loved from my absolute experience of what I served; I was patient, because waiting; content, because faithful; and I pleased myself albeit with reflecting that my violin—my own property—my very own—had a very different soul from that thing I handled and tortured every day, from which the soul had long since fled. For all the creators of musical forms have not power to place in them the soul that lives for ages, and a little wear and tear separates the soul from the body. As for my Amati I knew its race so pure that I feared for it no premature decay. In its dark box I hoped it was at least not unhappy, but I dearly longed for a sight of it, and had I dared I would have crept into the closet, but that whenever it was unlocked I was locked up. The days flew, though they seemed to me so long, as ever in summer; and I felt how ravishing must the summer be without the town. I wearied after it, and although the features of German scenery are quite

without a certain bloom I have only found in England, they have some mystic beauty of their own unspeakably more touching ; and as I lived then all life was a fairy-tale book, with half the leaves uncut. I was ever dreaming, but healthfully—the dreams forgotten as soon as dreamed—so it chanced that I can tell you nothing of all I learnt or felt, except what was tangibly and wakingly presented to myself. I remember however more than distinctly, all that happened the last evening I passed in that secluded house, to my sojourn in which I owe all the benisons bestowed upon my after artist life. We had supped at our usual hour, but when I arose and advanced to salute Aronach as usual, and sighed to see how bright the sun was still upon everything without and within, he whispered in my ear—an attention he had never before paid me—“Stay up by me until the other two are off! for I wish to speak to thee, and to give thee some advice.”

Iskar saw him whisper, and looked very black because he could not hear, but Aronach waved him out, and bade me shut the door upon him and Starwood. I trembled then, for I was not used to be alone with him tête-à-tête ; we usually had a third party present in the company of Marpurg or

Albrechtsberger. He went into the closet first, and rummaged a few minutes, and then returning, appeared laden with a bottle of wine and my long hid fiddle-case. Oh, how I flew to relieve him of it! but he bade me again sit down, while he went back into the closet, and rummaged again; this time for a couple of glasses, and two or three curious jars, rich china, and of a beautiful form. He uncorked the bottle and poured me, as I expected, a glass of wine.

It was not the wine that agitated me, but the rarity of the attention, so much so that I choked instead of wishing him his health as I ought to have done. But he was quite unmoved at my excitation, and leaned back to pour glass after glass down his own throat. I was so unused to wine that the sip I took exhilarated me, though it was the slightest wine one can imbibe for such purpose. And then he uncovered the odd gay jars, and helped me profusely to the exquisite preserves they contained. They were so luscious and delicate that they reminded of Eden fruits; and almost before my wonder had shaped itself into form, certainly before it could have betrayed itself in my countenance, Aronach began to speak.

“They pique thee, no doubt, and not only thy

palate, for thou wast ever curious. They come from him of whom thou hast never spoken since thy holiday."

"Everything comes from him, I think, Sir."

"No, only the good, not the evil nor the negative; and it is on this point I would advise thee, for thou art as inconsiderate as a fledgling turned out of the nest, and art ware of nothing."

"Pray advise me, Sir," I said, "and I shall be glad that I am inconsiderate, to be advised by you."

I looked at him and was surprised that a deep seriousness overshadowed the constant gravity; which was as if one entered from the twilight a still more sombre wood.

"I intend to advise thee because thou art ignorant, though pure; untaught, yet not weak. I would not advise thy compeers, one is too young, the other too old."

"Iskar too old," I exclaimed.

"Iskar was never a child; whatever thou couldst teach him would only ripen his follies, already too forward. He belongs to the other world."

There are two worlds, then, in music—I thought, for it had been ever a favourite notion of my own, but I did not say so; I was watching him.

He took from the breast pocket of his coat—that long brown coat—a little leather book, rolled up like a parchment, this he opened and unfolded a paper that had lain in the curves and yet curled round unsubmissive to his fingers. He deliberately bent it back, and held it a moment or two, while his eyes gathered light in their fixed gaze upon what he clasped, then smoothed it to its old shape with his palm, and putting on his horn-set eye-glasses, which lent him an owl-like reverendness, he began to read to me. And as I have that little paper still, and as if not sweet it is very short, I shall transcribe it here and now ;—

“ When thou hearest the folks prate about Art, be certain thou art never tempted to make friends there ; for if they be wise in any other respect, they are fools in this, that they know not when to keep silence and how. For Art consists not in any of its representatives, and is of itself alone. To interpret it aright we must let it make its own way, and those who talk about it gainsay its true impressions, which alone remain in the bosom that is single and serene. If thou markest well thou wilt find how few of those who make a subsistence out of music realize its full significance ; for they are too busy to recall that they live for it, and not by

it, even though it brings them bread. And just as few are those who set apart their musical life from all ambition, even honourable ; for ambition is of this earth alone, and in a higher yearning doth musical life consist ; so the irreligious many are incapable of the fervour of the few. And the few, those I did exclude—the few who possess in patience this inexhaustible desire, are those who compose my world.”

“ You mean, Sir,” I exclaimed, so warm so glowing at my heart that the summer without, brooding over the blossomed lindens, was as winter to the summer in my veins, so suddenly penetrated I felt : “ You mean, Sir, that as good people I have heard speak of the world, and of good people who are not worldly, apart, and seem to know them from each other—in religion I mean—so it is in music. I am sure my sister thought so—my sister in England, but she never dared to say so.”

“ No, of course not ; there is no right to say so anywhere now except in Germany, for here alone has music its priesthood, and here alone, though little enough here, is reverentially regarded as the highest form of life, subserving to the purposes of the soul. But thou art right to believe

entirely so, that, young as thou art, thou mayest keep thy purity, and mighty may be thy aptness to discern what is new to thee in the old, no less than what answers to the old in the new.

“ And, first, when thou goest out of leading-strings, never accustom thyself to look for faults or feelings differing from thine own, in those set over thee. It is certain that many a student of Art has lost ground in this indulgence ; for oftentimes the student, either from natural imagination, or from the vernal innocence of youth, will be outstripping his instructors in his grand intentions, and giving himself up to them will be losing the present hours in the air that should be informing themselves with steady progress in the strictest mechanical course. Never, till thou hast mastered every conceivable difficulty, dream of producing the most distant musical effect.

“ But, secondly, lest thine enthusiasm should perish of starvation under this mechanical pressure, keep thy wits awake to contemplate every artist and token of art, that come between thee and daylight ; and the more thou busiest thyself in mechanical preparation, the more leisure thou shalt discover so to observe ; the more serene and brilliant shall thy imagination find itself ; a clear sky

filled with the sunshine of that enthusiasm which spreads itself over every object in earth and heaven.

“Again, of Music, or the Tone-Art, as thou hast heard me name it, never let thy conception cease. Never believe thou hast adopted the trammels of a Pursuit bounded by Progress, because thine own progress bounds thine own pursuit. In despair at thy slow induction—be it slow as it must be gradual—doubt not that it is into a divine and immeasurable realm thou shalt at length be admitted: and if the ethereal souls of the masters gone before thee have thirsted after the infinite even in such immeasurable space, recall thyself and bow contented that thou hast this in common with those above thee;—the insatiable presentment of futurity with which the Creator has chosen to endow the choicest of his gifts—the gift in its perfection granted ever to the choicest, the rarest of the race.”

“And that is why it is granted to the Hebrew nation—why they all possess it like a right!” I cried, almost without consciousness of having spoken. But Aronach answered not; he only slightly, with the least motion, leaned his head so that the silver of his beard trembled, and a sort of

tremor agitated his brow that I observed not in his voice as he resumed.

“Thou art young and mayest possibly excel early, as a mechanical performer. I need not urge thee to prune the exuberance of thy fancy and to bind thy taste—by nature delicate—to the pure strong models whose names are, at present, to thee their only revelation. For the scapegrace who figures in thy daily calendar as so magnificently thy superior, will ever stand thee in stead of a warning or ominous repulsion so long as thy style is forming ; and, when formed, that style itself shall fence thee alike with natural and artful antipathy against the school he serves, that confesses to no restriction, no not the restraint of Rule ; and is the servant of its own caprice.

“Thou shalt find that many, who profess the art, confess not to that which they yet endure—a sort of shame in their profession as if they should ennoble *it*, and not it *them*. Such professors thou shalt ever discover are slaves, not sons ; their excellence as performers owing to the accidental culture of their imitative instinct ; and they are the ripieni of the universal orchestra whose Chief doth appear but once in every age.

“Thou shalt be set on to study by thine in-

structors, and, as I before hinted, wilt ever repose upon their direction. But, in applying to the works they select for thine edification, whether theoretic or practical, endeavour to disabuse thyself of all thy previous impressions and prepossessions of any author whatsoever, and to absorb thyself in the contemplation of that alone thou busiest thyself upon.

“ Thus alone shall thine intelligence explore all styles, and so separate each from each as finally to draw the exact conclusion from thine own Temperament and Taste of that to which thou dost essentially incline.

“ In treating of Music specifically remember not to confound its elements. As in ancient mythology many religious seeds were sown, and golden symbols scattered ; so may we apply its enforcing fables where the new wisdom denies us utterance, and be nearer towards the expression of the actual than if we observed the literal forms of speech. Thus ever remember that, as the Aorasia was a word signifying the invisibility of the gods and the Avatar their incarnation, so is *Time* the Aorasia of Music the god-like and *Tone* its Avatar.

“ Then, in *Time*, shalt thou realise that in which the existence of music as infallibly consists as in its manifestation *Tone*, and thine understanding

shall become invested with the true nature of *Rhythm*, which alike doth exist between time and tone, seeming to connect in spiritual dependance the one with the other inseparably.

“In devoting thine energies to the works of art in ages behind thine own, thou shalt never be liable to depress thy consciousness of those which are meritorious *with* thee, and *yet* to come before thee. For thou wilt learn, that to follow the supreme of art with innocence and wisdom, was ever allotted to the few whose labours yet endure ; while as to the many whose high-flown perfections in their day seduced the admiration of the myriads to the neglect of the few, except *by* few—find we nothing of them at present but the names alone of their operas, or the mention of their having been and being now no more. And this is while the few are growing and expanding their fame as the generations succeed, ever among the few of every generation, but yet betokening in that still, secluded renown, the immortal purpose for which they wrote and died *not*.

“Be assured that in all works which have endured there is something of the nature of truth ; therefore, acquaint thyself with all, ever reserving the right to honour with peculiar investigation those works in which the author by scientific hold

upon forceful imagination intimates that he wrote with the direct intention to illustrate his art, not alone for the love of it, but in the fear of its service. Thus apply thyself to the compositions of Palestrina, of Purcell, of Alessandro Scarlatti, and the indefatigable Corelli ; thus lend thyself to the masterpieces of Pergolesi, of Mozart, and Handel ; thus lean with thine entire soul upon the might and majesty of John Sebastian Bach. All others in order, but these in chief, and this last generalissimo, until thou hast learnt to govern thyself."

He paused and stayed, and the summer evening-gold crowned him as he sat. That same rich gleam creeping in for all the deep shade that filled the heavenly vault, seemed to touch me with solemn ecstasy alike with his words. He was folding up that paper and had nearly settled it before I dared to thank him ; but as he held it out, and I grasped it, I also kissed the ivory of his not unwrinkled hand, and he did not withdraw it. Then I said, "My dear Master, my dear, dear Herr Aronach, is that for me to keep?"

"It is for thee," he answered ; "and, perhaps, as there is little of it, thou wilt digest it more conveniently than a more abundant lecture. Thou art imaginative, or I should not set thee laws, and implicit, or thou wouldst not follow them."

"I should like to know, Sir, whether those are the sort of rules you gave the Chevalier Seraphael when he was a little boy?"

"No, no, they are not such as I gave him, be certain."

"I thought not, perhaps. Oh, Sir, how very surprising he must have been when he was so young and little."

"He did not rudely declaim, thou mayest imagine, at eight years old; and his voice was so modest to strangers, that it was hard to make him heard at all—this it was that made me set no laws before him."

"How then Sir, did you teach him?" was my bolder question.

"He would discourse of music in its native tongue when his small fingers conversed with the keys of his favourite harpsichord, so wondrously at home there from the first time they *felt* themselves. And in still obedience to the law of that inborn harmony that governed his soul, he would bend his curly pate over the score till all the colour fell off his round cheek, and his forehead would work and frown with thoughts strong enough to make a strong man's brain quiver. I was severe with him to save my conscience; but he ever outwitted me, nor could I give him enough to do;

for he made play of work, and no light work of play. It was as if I should direct the south wind to blow in summer, or the sunbeams to make haste with the fruit. At length it came to such a pass, his calm attainment, that I gave him up to die ; he left off growing too, and there was of him so little that you would have thought him one the pleasant folk had changed at birth ; bright enough were his eyes for such suspicion. So I clapped upon him one day as he was lying upon a bit of shade in my garden, his cap of velvet tumbled off and the feather flying as you please, while over the score of Graun he had fallen fast asleep. When I came to him, I thought the little heart-strings had given way to let him free altogether, he lay so still and heavy in his slumber, and no breath came through his lips that I could see. So I took him up, never waking him, and laid him away in bed, and locked up every staved sheet that lay about, and every score and note-book, and shut the harpsichord ; and when at last he woke, I took him upon my knee—for it was then he came to my house for his lessons, and I could do with him as I pleased. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘thou hast been asleep over thy books, and I have carried them all away, for thou art lazy, and shalt see them never again, unless thou art content to do as I shall bid thee.’

“Then he looked into my head with his kind child’s eyes, and said :

“‘ I wish that thou wert my pupil, Master ! for if so, I should show thee how I should like to be taught.’

“‘ Well, thou art now very comfortable on my knee, and mayest pull my watch-chain if thou wilt, and shalt also tell me the story of what thou shouldst teach thine old, grand pupil—we will make a play of it.’

“‘ I do not care to pull thy chain now, but I should like to watch thy face while I tell thee.’

“So then, Master Carl, this elf stood upright on my knees, and spread out his arms, and laughed loud till the wet pearls shone, and while I held his feet, for I thought he would fly away ; says he to mock me :

“‘ Now, Master Aronach ! thou mayest go home and play with thy little sister at kings and queens, and never do any more lessons till thou art twelve years old, for that is the time to be a man, and do great things ; and now thou art a poor baby, who cannot do anything but play, and go to sleep. And all the big books are put away, and nobody is to bring them out again until thou art big, and canst keep awake.’

“Then I looked at him hard to see whether he

was still mocking me, but when I found he looked rather about to cry, I set him down, and took my hat, and walked out of my house to the lower ramparts. On the lower ramparts stood the fine house of his father, and I rang the bell quite free, and went boldly up the stairs. His mother was alone in her grand drawing-room, and, I said, that she might either come and fetch him away altogether, or let him stay with me and amuse himself as he cared for; that I would not teach him for those years to come, as he had said. The stately lady was offended, and carried him off from me altogether, and when he went he was very proud, and would not shed one tear, though he clung round my collar, and whispered, elf that he was—‘I shall come back when I am twelve—hush! Master, hush!’”

“And did he come back?” I cried, no less in ecstasy at the story, than at the confidence reposed in me.

“All in good time—peace,” said Aronach, “I never saw him again until the twenty-second morning of May, in the fourth year after his mother carried him off. I heard of the wonder-boy from every mouth; how he was taken here, and flourished there, to show off; and petted and praised by the king; and I thought often how piteous was

it thus to spoil him. On that very morning I was up betimes, and was writing a letter to an old friend of mine, whose daughter was dead, when I heard feet like a fawn that was finding quick way up my dark stairs, and I stopped to listen. The door was burst open all in a moment, as if by the wind, and there he stood, in his little hat and feather, and his gay new dress, bright as a birthday prince; with a huge lumbering flower-pot in his two little arms. He set that upon the floor, and danced up to me directly, climbing upon my knee. 'Will you take me back? for I am twelve, and nobody else can teach me! I know all *they* know.'

"He folded his little arms together round my collar, and held on there tight. What a minimus he was! scarcely a half-foot taller, but with such a noble air, and those same kind eyes of old. I pinched his fair cheek, which was red as any rose, but it was only a blossom born of the morning air—as he still sat upon my knees, the beauteous colour fell, faded quite away, and left him pale—pale as you now see him, Master Carl."

"Oh! Sir, tell me a little, little more. What did he tell you? what did he do?"

"He told me, with the pale face pressed against my coat: 'Thou see'st sweet Master I would not

take pains just at first, and mamma was very grand ; she never blessed me for a week, and I never kissed her. I did lessons with her, though, and tried to plague her, and played very sad, very ill ! and would hardly read a bar. So mamma took it into her head to say that *you* had not taught me properly ; and I grew very wild, angry ; so hurt at least that I burst out, and ran down stairs, and came no more for lessons five whole days. Then I begged her pardon, and she sent for Herr Hümmel to teach me. I played my very best to Herr Hümmel, master mine !

“ I dare say he did, thought I, the naughty one ! the elf ! there he lay back with his pale face, and all the mischief in his starry eyes.

“ ‘ And Herr Hümmel,’ my loveling went on, pursing his lips, ‘ said he could not teach me to play, but perhaps he could teach me to write. So I wrote for him ever so many pages, and he could not read them, for I wrote so small, so small ; and Herr Hümmel has such very weak eyes !’

“ Oh ! how naughty he looked, lying across my knees !

“ ‘ And then,’ he prattled, ‘ mamma set herself to look for somebody very new and great ; and she picked up Mons. Milans-André, who is a very young master, only nineteen years old ; and

mamma says he is a great genius. Now, as for me, dear Master, I don't know what a great genius is; but if Mons. André be one, *thou* are not one, nor I.'

"Oh! the naughty one! still prattling on.—

"'I did take pains, and put myself back, that he might show me over again what you, dear Master, had taught me, so that I never forget, and could not forget, if I tried; and in a year I told mamma I would never touch the harpsichord again if she did not promise I should come back to you again. She said she couldn't promise; and, Master, I never *did* again touch the harpsichord; but, instead, I learned what was better, to play on Mons. André's grand pianoforte!'

"'And how didst thou admire that, eh?' I asked, rather curious about the matter.

"'Oh! it is very comfortable; I feel quite clear about it, and have written for it some things. But Mons. André is to go a tour, so he told mamma yesterday, and this morning, before he came I ran away, and I am returned to you, and have brought my tree to keep my birthday with you. And Master mine, I *won't* go back again!'

"Before I could answer him, as I expected, comes a pull at the bell to draw the house down, and up the stairs creaks Rathsherr Seraphael, the father,

a mighty good-looking and very grand man. He takes a seat, and looks queer and awful. But the little one, quitting me, dances round and round his chair, and kisses away that frown.

“‘Dear and beautiful papa, thou must give me leave to stay, I am thine only son!’

“‘Thou art, indeed, and hast never before disobeyed me. Why didst thou run away, my Adonais?’

“‘Papa, *he* can only teach me ; I will *not* leave him, for I must obey music before you, and in him music calls me.’

“He ran back to my knee, and there his father left him (but very disconcerted), and I don’t know how they settled it at home. But enough for me, there was never any more difficulty, and he and I kept his birthday together ; the little candles burned out among the linden flowers, and beautiful presents came for him and for me, from the great house on the ramparts.

“And he never left me,” added Aronach, with a prodigious pleasure, too big to conceal, either by word or look, “he never left me until he set off for his travels all over Europe, during which travels I removed, and came up here a long distance from the old place, where I had him all to myself, and he was all to me.”

"Thanks, dear Master, if I too may so call you. I shall always feel that you are, but I did not know how very much you had to do with him."

"Thou mayest so name me, because thou art not wanting in veneration, and can'st also be *mastered*."

"Thanks, for ever. And I may keep this precious paper. In your own writing, Sir, it will be more than if you had said it, you know, though I should have remembered every word. And the story too, is just as safe as if you had written it for me."

And so it was.

CHAPTER IX.

WELL, as if but yesterday, do I remember the morning I set out from Lorbeerstadt for Cecilia. I had no friends yet with whom to reconnoitre novel ground ; I was quite solitary in my intentions, and rather troubled with a vague melancholy, the sun being under cloud, and I not having wished Aro-nach good day. He was out in the town fulfilling the duties of his scholastic preeminence, and I had vainly sought him for an audience. He had surrendered me my violin when he gave me the paper in his writing, and I also carried my certificate in my hand. Of all my personal effects I took these only, my bed and bedding, my clothes and books having preceded me, or at least having taken another form of flight. Iskar was to come also that time, but did not intend to present

himself until the evening. Aronach had also forewarned me to take a coach, but I rather chose to walk, having divine reminiscences upon that earthly road.

With Starwood I had a grievous parting, not unallayed by hope on my part, and I left him wiping his eyes, an attention which deeply affected me though I did not cry myself.

I shall never forget the singularly material aspect of things when I arrived. Conventionalism is not so rampant in Germany as in England, and courtesy is taught another creed. I think it would be impossible to be anywhere more free; and yet this sudden liberty (like a sudden light) did but at first serve to dazzle and distress me. Only half the students had returned, and they, all knowing each other, or seeming to do so, were standing in self-interested fraternities, broken by groups and greeters, in one immense hall, or what appeared to me immense, and therefore desolate. I came in through the open gates to the open court, through the open court into the open entry, and from that region was drawn to the door of that very hall by the hollow multitudinous echo that crept upon the stony solitude. It was as real to me a solitude to enter that noble space; and I was more abashed than ever, when on looking

round I perceived none but males in all the company. There was not even a picture of the patron saintess; but there *was* a picture, a dark empanelled portrait, high over the long dining-tables. I concluded from the style that it was a representation of one Gratianos the Bachist, of whom I had once heard speak.

The gentlemen in the hall were none of them full grown, and none wonderfully handsome at first sight; but the manner of their entertainment was truly edifying to me, who had not long been "out" in any sense. They every one either had been smoking, were smoking, or were about to smoke; that is, most of them had pipes in their mouths, or those who had not them in their mouths had just plucked them therefrom and were holding them in their hands, or those who had not yet began were preparing the apparatus.

In a corner of the hall, which looked dismally devoid of furniture to an English eye, there was a great exhibition of benches. They were some upright, others kicking their feet in the air, but all packed so as to take little space, and these were over and above the benches that ran all round the hall. In this corner a cluster of individuals had collected after a fashion that took my fancy in an instant, for they had established themselves with-

out reference to the primary use and endowment of benches at all. Some sat on the legs thereof upturned with their own feet at the reversed bottoms, and more than a few were lying inside those reversed bottoms, with distended veins and excited complexions, suggesting the notion that they were in the enjoyment of plethoric slumber. To make a still further variation, one bench was set on end, and supported by the leaning figures of two contemporaneous medallists; and on the summit of this bench, which also rested against the wall, a third medallist was sitting, like an ape upon the ledge of Gibraltar; unlike an ape in this respect, that he was talking with great solemnity, and also in that he wore gloves which had once on a time been white. The rest were barehanded, but all were fitted out with moustachios, either real or fictitious, for I had my doubts of the soft dark tassels of the Stylites, as his own pate was covered with hemp—it cannot have been hair. Despite its grotesqueness this group, as I have said, attracted me, for there was something in every one of the faces that set me at my ease, because they appeared in earnest at their fun.

I came up to them as I made out their composition, and they one and all regarded me with calm, not malicious, indifference. They were very

boyish for young men, and very manly for young boys, certainly ; and remained as to their respective ages, a mystery. The gentleman on the pedestal did not even pause until he came to a proper climax, for he was delivering an oration, and I arrived in time to hear the sentence so significant —“ So that all who in verity apply themselves to science, will find themselves as much at a loss without a body as without a soul, for the animal property nourisheth and illustrateth the spiritual, and the spiritual would be of no service without the animal ; any more than should the flame that eateth the wood burn in an empty stove, or than the soup we have eaten for dinner, should be soup without the water that dissolved the component nutritives.”

Here he came to a full stop, and gazed upon me through sharp-shaped orbs ; meantime I had drawn out my certificate, and handed it up to him. He took it between those streaky gloves, and having fixed a horn-set glass into his one eye, shut up the other, and perused the paper. I don't know why I gave it to him in particular, except that he was very high up and had been speaking, but I had not done wrong, for he finished by bowing to me with exceeding patronage.

“ One of us, I presume ? ”

“ Credentials !” groaned one who was, as I had supposed, asleep ; but my patron handed me very politely my envelope, and gravely returned to the treatment of his theme whatever that might have been. Nobody appeared to listen except his twain supporters, and they only seemed attentive because they were thoroughly fumigated, and had their senses under a spell. The rest began to yawn, to sneer, and to lift their eyes, or rather the lids of them. I need scarcely say I felt very absurd, and at last on the utterance of an exceedingly ridiculous peroration from the orator, I yielded at once to the impulse of timidity, and began to laugh. The effect was of sympathetic magnetism ; everybody whose lips were disengaged, began to laugh too, and finally those very somnolent machines that the benches propped, began to stir, to open misty glances, and to grin like purgatorial saints. This laugh grew a murmur, the murmur a roar, and finally the supporters themselves fairly shaking, became exhausted, staggered, and let the pedestal glide slowly forwards. The theorist must certainly have anticipated such a crisis, for he spread his arms, and took a flying jump from that summit, descending elegantly and conveniently as a cat from a wall upon the boarded floor.

“ Schurke !” said he to me, and held me up a

threatening hand, but seized with a gleeful intention, I caught at it, and with one pull dragged off his glove. The member thus exposed was evidently petted by its head, for it was dainty and sleek, and also garnished with a blazing ring; and he solemnly held it up to contemplate it, concluding such performance by giving one fixed stare to each nail in particular. Then he flew at me in a paroxysm of feigned fierceness, but I had already flung the glove to the other end of the hall. The whole set broke into a fresh laugh, and one said—"Thou mightest have sent it up to the beard there if thou hadst only thought of it."

"Never too late, Mareschal!" cried another, as he made a stride to fetch the glove, which however lay three or four strides off. He gathered it up at last, crumpled it in his hand, and threw it high against the wall. It just missed the picture though and fell at the feet of two perambulators arm in arm, one of whom stood upon the glove till the other pushed him off, and gave the forlorn kidling a tremendous kick that sent it farther than ever from the extempore target. There was now a gathering and rush of a dozen towards it; they tore it one from the other again, and once more flinging it high, this time successfully, it hit that panelled portrait just upon the nose. A shout, half

vengeful, half triumphant, echoed through the hall, but the game was not at its height.

“Gloves out!—everybody!” cried several, and from all the pockets present, as it seemed, issued a miscellaneous supply. Very innocently I gave up a pair of old wool ones that I happened to have with me; and soon, very soon, a regular systematized pelting commenced of that reverend representation in its recess.

I am very sure I thought it all fun at first, and as there is nothing I like so well as fun after music, I lent myself quite freely to the sport. About fifty pairs of gloves were knotted and crumpled, pair by pair, into balls, and whoever scrambled fastest secured the most. As the unsuccessful shots fell back they were caught by uplifted hands and banged upwards with tenfold ardour, and no one was so ardent and risibly dignified as the worthy of the pedestal; he behaved as if some valuable stake were upon his every throw: and further, I observed, that after the game once begun, nobody except myself, laughed. It was, at least, for half an hour that the banging, accompanied by a tremulous hissing, continued. I, myself laughed so much that I could not throw, but I stood to watch the others. So high was the picture placed that very few were the missiles to

reach it; and such as touched the time-sered canvas elicited an excitement I could neither realize nor respond to. All at once it struck me as very singular they should pelt that particular spot on the wall, and I instantly conjectured them to be inimical to the subject of the delineation. I was just making up my mind to inquire, when the great door hoarsely creaked, and a voice was heard quite in another key from the murmurous shout, to penetrate my ear at that distance so that I immediately responded—

“Has Carl Auchester arrived?”

There was no reply, nor any suspension of the performance on hand, except on my part; but for me, I turned, gladly, yet timorously, and joined the speaker in a moment. He greeted me with what appeared to me an over-awing polish, though in fact it was but the result of temperament not easily aroused. He was very slim and fair, and, though not tall, gave me the impression of one very much more my senior than he really was. He held his arm as a kind of barrier between me and the door, until I was safely out of the hall, then said to me, in a tone of chill but still remonstrance,

“Why did you go in there? That was not a good beginning.”

“Sir,” I replied, not stammered, for I felt my

cause was good, "how was I to know I ought not to go in there? It seemed quite the proper place with all those Cecilians about, and besides no one told me where else to go. But if I did wrong I won't go in there again, and I certainly have not been harmed yet."

"You must go there at times; it is there you will have to eat; but a few who are really students, hold aloof from the rest who idle whenever they are not strictly employed as you have had reason to notice. I was induced to come and look for you, of whom I should otherwise have no knowledge, in obedience to the Chevalier Seraphael's request that I should do so."

"Did he really remember me in that manner? How good! how angelic!" I cried; and yet I did not quite find my new companion charming; his irresistible quiescence piqued me too much, though he was anything but haughty.

"Yes, he is good; and was certainly very good to bear in mind one so young as you are. I hope you will reward his kindness; he gives us great hopes of you."

"Are you a Professor Sir?" I asked; half afraid of my own impulse.

"I am *your* Professor," he announced with that same distance. "I am first violin."

I did not know whether I was pleased or sorry at that instant, for I could detect no magnetic power that he possessed, and rather shrank from contact with him at present. He led me up many stairs—a side stair-case, quite new—built steeper and narrower than the principal flight. He led me along thwart passages, and I beheld many doors and windows too, for light and air both reigned in these regions, which were fresh and smelled of health. He led me into a chamber so lengthened that it was almost a gallery, for it was very high besides. Here he paused to exhibit a suite of prophets' chambers, one after the other completely to the end; for in every division was a little bed, a bench and washing-table, with a closet closed by hasps of wood. The uniform arrangement struck me as monotonous but academical. My guide for the first time smiled, but very slightly, and explained,

“ This is my division—‘ les petits Violons,’ you know, Auchester? you may see the numbers on every alcove; and here you practise, except when met in class or at lecture. Your number is 13, and you are very nearly in the middle. See! you have a curtain to draw before your bed; and in this closet there is a box for books, as well as a niche for your instrument, and abundant

room for clothes, unless you bring more than you can possibly want. The portmanteau and chest which were brought this morning you may keep here, if you please, as well."

I did not thank him, for I was preoccupied with an infernal suggestion to my brain which I revealed in my utter terror.

"Oh! Sir, do we all practise together, then? What a horrible noise! and how impossible to do anything so—I can't, I know!"

Another half-smile curled the slender brown moustache.

"It was indeed so in the times I can still remember; but see, how much more than you can own you are indebted to this Chevalier Seraphael!"

He walked to the wall opposite the alcove, and, laying hold of a brass ring I had not noticed, drew out a long slide of wood very thick and strong, which shut one in from side to side.

"There is such a one to every bed," continued he, "and if you draw them on either hand, you will hear nothing, at least nothing to disturb you. Come away now, I have not much time to spare, and must leave you elsewhere."

He led me from the chambers, and down the stairs again, and here and there, so that I heard an organ playing in one region, and voices that

blended again to another idea, and then all was stillness except the rustle of his gown. But before I could make up my mind to approve or criticise the arrangements which struck me on every hand, I found myself in another room; this vaulted, and inspiring as nothing I had met with in that place. How exquisite was the radiant gloom that here pervaded within, as within a temple! for the sunshine pierced through little windows of brown and amber, and came down in wavering dusky brightness on parchment hues and vellum, morocco and ruddy gold. Here a thick matting returned no foot-fall, and although the space was small and very crowded too, yet it had an air of vastness from the elevated concave of the roof. Benches were before each book-case that presented its treasury of dread tomes and gigantic scores; also reading-desks; and besides such furniture, there were the quaintest little stalls between each set of shelves—shrine-like niches, one could just sit in or even at pleasure lie along, for seats were in them of darkest polished wood. Some were already occupied, and their occupants were profoundly quiet; perhaps studying, perhaps asleep.

“Here,” observed my guide, “you are only allowed to come and remain, in silence. If one

word be spoken in the library, expulsion of the speaker follows. The book-keeper sits out there"—pointing to an erection like a watch-box—"and hears and is to observe all. You may use any book in this place, but never carry it away; and if required for quotation as well as for reference, you may here make your extracts, but never elsewhere: there are ink-bottles in every desk. And if you take my advice, you will remain here until the supper bell, for while here you will at least be out of mischief. We are not to-day in full routine; but that makes it the more dangerous to be at large."

"Will you set me some task then, Sir? I do want something to be at."

He seemed only to sneer at such a desire—"Nonsense! there is enough for to-day in mastering all those names"—and he took down a catalogue and handed it to me.

I ran into one of those dear dark recesses, and there he left me.

When he had gone, I did not open my book for a time. I was in a highly wrought mood which was induced by that sombre-tinted struggling sunshine, whose beams played high in the ceiling like fire-flies in a cedar shade, so fretted and so far—it was delicious as a dream to be safe and solitary in that dim palace of futurity whose vistas stretched

before me into everlasting lengths of light. I read not for a long long hour, and when I did open my book (itself no mean volume as to size), I was bewildered and bedimmed by a swarm of names both of works and authors I had never heard of—Huygens, Martini, Euler, Pfeiffer, and Marpurg, alone meeting me as distant acquaintances, and Cherubini as a dear old friend.

This was, in fact, a catalogue raisonnée, and I was not in a very rational mood ; I therefore shut the book, and began to pace the library. It is extraordinary how intense is the power of application in the case of those who are apprenticed to a master they can worship as well as serve. I thought so then ; nothing could divert the attention of those supine students in the recesses, nor of the scribes at the desks. I went quite close to many of them, and could have looked into their eyes, but that they were for the most part closed ; and I should have accused them of being asleep, but that their lips were moving, and I knew they were learning by heart. Great black letter was the characteristic of one huge volume I stayed to examine as it lay upon a desk, and he who sat before it had a face sweeter than any present, sensible as interesting ; and I did not fear him, though his eyes were wide open and alert. He

was making copious extracts, and, as I peeped between the pages he held by his thumb and a slight forefinger, he observed me, and gave me a smile, at the same time turning back the title page for my inspection. That was encircled by a wreath of cherubs' faces for flowers, and musical instruments for leaves, old and droll as the title—"Caspar Bartholin, his Treatise on the Wind Music of the Ancients."

I smiled then, and nodded, to express my thanks, but a moment afterwards he wrote for me, on a sheet in his blotting case which he carried with him.

"We may write, though we may not speak. Are you just arrived?"

He handed me the pen to answer, and I wrote, "Only an hour or two ago, and I got into a scrape directly. I am Carl Auchester, from England, but I am not English. What is your name?"

He smiled warmly, as he read, and thus our correspondence proceeded, "Franz Delemann, what was your scrape? I wonder you had one, now I know your name."

"Why?" I replied, "there is no reason why I should keep clear any more than another; but I went into the great hall, where so many of them were about, and they made a great noise, for they were pelting the picture that is on the wall, and

while I was helping them, just for fun, the gentleman who brought me in here fetched me out, and said it was a bad beginning."

"That was his way of putting it," resumed my new associate, "he is very matter-of-fact, that Anastase. But I know what he meant; we are a very small party, and the rest persecute us; they would have been glad to get you over to their side, because it would have been such a triumph for them, coming first as you did come."

Oh! how I did scribble in response. "I have not an idea what you mean, pray tell me quickly."

"The Chevalier Seraphael took the place here of somebody very unlike him. I thought the Cerinthias had told you."

"The what?"

"The Fraülein, who came in with you the day of the concert—who came to the Pavilion with Seraphael and yourself—was one of the Cerinthias. I thought of course you knew all, for her words are better than any one's, and you had been together so she told me afterwards."

"Is she Cerinthia? what a queer name."

"They are a queer set, though I don't suppose there ever was such a set; the brother and the two sisters appear to possess every natural gift among them. The father was a great singer and cele-

brated master, but not a German ; he came here to secure their education in a certain style, and just as he got here, he died. Then the brother, though they had not a penny among them all, made way by his extraordinary talent, and as he could play on any instrument he was admitted to the second place in the band, and his sister was taken upon the foundation. Milans-André made a great deal of their being here, though it was perfectly natural, *I* think. The youngest had been put out to nurse, and kept in some province of France, until old enough to be admitted also, but then something happened which changed that notion. For when Seraphael took the place of Milans-André, he had every arrangement investigated that he might improve to the utmost ; and it was discovered, after this fashion, that this Maria Cerinthia had been allowed to occupy a room which was inferior to all the others ;—*I* think the rain came in, but *I* am not sure of that ;—*I* only know it was out of the way, and wretched. Seraphael was exceedingly vexed, almost in a passion, but turned it into amusement as he does so often before others when he is serious at heart. He dragged out the furniture with his own hands, and had the room turned into what it was just fit for, a closet for faggots.

“Then this proud Cerinthia—the brother *I* mean,

whose name, by the way, is Joseph — took offence himself, and declaring no arrangement should be altered on account of his sister, took her away and had a lodging in the village instead. She comes here every day at the same time, and is what we call an out-Cecilian, never staying to meals or to sleep, that is. Seraphael took no notice, and I was rather surprised to discover that he has been to see them several times, because, you see, I thought *he* was proud in his way to have his generosity rejected."

"Does he like them so very much then?"

"He ought." Now I wanted to be very angry at the intimation, but my informant had too expressive a face, so I merely added, "They are then very wonderful?"

"They are all wonderful, and the little one, who is not quite eight years old (for she has come to live with them since they lived alone), is a prodigy, but not beautiful like the one you saw.

"*She* is, I suppose, the cleverest in all the house?"

"She must be so, but is so very quiet one does not hear about her, except at the close of the semestre, when she carries off the medals; for everything of the best belongs to her. She is a vocalist, and

studies of course in the other wing—we never meet the ladies, you know, except in public.”

“Oh! of course not. Now do tell me what you mean about the two parties.”

“I mean that when Milans-André went away no one knew how much mischief he had done. His whole system was against Bach, and this is properly a school for Bach. He could not eradicate the foundation, and he could not confess his dislike against our master in so many words! the only thing was to introduce quite a new style, or I am sure it might be called school, for he has written such an immense deal. It was an opera of his, performed in this town, that at once did for him as far as those were concerned whom he had deceived, and that determined us not to submit ourselves any longer. He was becoming so unpopular that he was too happy to resign. Still he left a number for himself behind him greater than those who had risen against him.”

“Tell me about that opera, pray. You write interesting letters Sir.”

“I have interesting matter, truly. The opera was called ‘Emancipation, or the Modern Orpheus.’ The overture took in almost all of us, it was so well put together, but I fancy you would not have ap-

proved of it, somehow. The theatre here is very small, and was quite filled by our own selves and a few artists ; not one amateur, for it was produced in rehearsal. The scenery was very good, the story rambling and fiendish, but we thought it fairy-like. There was a perfect hit in the hero, who was a monstrous fiddle-player, to represent whom we had Paganini, as he had not to speak a word. The heroines, who were three in number, were a sort of musical nuns, young ladies dedicated to the art ; but they, first one, then another, fell in with the fiddler, and finding him, became enamoured of him. He condescends to listen to the first while she sings, or rather he comes upon her as she is singing the coolest of all Bach's solos in the coolest possible style. He waits till the end with commendable patience, and then, amidst infernal gesticulations, places before her a cantata of his own, which is something tremendous when accompanied by the orchestra. The contrasted style, with the artful florid instrumentation, produces rapture, and is really an *effect*, though I do not say of what kind. The next heroine he treats to a grand scena, in which the violin is absolutely made to speak ; and as it was carried through by Paganini, you may conjecture it was rather bewitching. The last lady he bears off fairly, and they converse in an outlandish

duet between the voice of the lady and the violin. I can give you no outline of the plan, for there is no plot that I could find afterwards, but merely the heads of each part. Next comes a tumble-down church, dusty, dark, repelling to the idea from the beginning ; and you are aware of the Lutheran service which is being droned through as we are not very likely to hear it in fact. By magic the scene dissolves ; coloured lights break from tapering windows ; arches rise and glitter like rainbows ; altar candles blaze and tremble : crimson velvet and rustling satin fill the gothic stalls on either side ; and while you are trying to gather in the picture, the *Stabat Mater* bursts out in strains about as much like weeping as all the mummery is like music.

“ The last scene of all is a kind of temple where priests and priestesses glide in spangled draperies, while the Hierarch is hidden behind a curtain, Busts and statues that I suppose are intended for certain masters, but whom it is not very easy to identify, as they are ill-fashioned and ill-grouped, are placed in surrounding shrines. At strains for signs from that curtained chief, the old heads and figures are prostrated from the pedestals ; the ruins are swept aside by some utilitarian angel, and the finale consists in a great rush of individuals

, masked, who crown the newly-inaugurated statue of the elevated Orpheus, and then dance around him to the ballet music, which is accompanied by the chorus also, who sing his praise.

“ It was very exciting while it went on ; as exciting to see as it is absurd to remember—and there was nothing for it but applause upon the spot. When the curtain fell, and we were crushing and pressing to get out, having hardly been able to wake ourselves up, and yet feeling the want that succeeds enjoyment or excitement that goes no further ;—you know how ?—one chord sounded behind the curtain from one instrument within the orchestra. It arrested us most curiously ; it was mystical as we call it, though so simple ; enough to say that under those circumstances it seemed a sound from another sphere. It continued and spread—it was the Peoples’ Song you heard the day you first came to us. It was once played through without vocal illustration, but we all knew the words, and began to sing them.

“ We were singing still in a strange sort of roar I can’t describe to you, when the music failed, and the curtain was raised on one side. He—Seraphael, whom we knew not then, stood before us for the first time. You know how small he is ; as he stood there he looked like a child of royal blood, his head

quite turned me, it was so beautiful ; and we all stood with open mouths to see him, hoping to hear him speak. He spread out those peculiar hands of his, and said in his sweet clear voice—‘ That song, oh ladies and gentlemen ! which you have shown you love so well, is very old, and you do not seem to be aware that it is so, nor of its author. Who wrote it, made it for us, think you ? ’

“ His beauty and his soft commanding voice had just the effect you will imagine—everybody obeyed him. One and another exclaimed, ‘ Hasse ! ’ ‘ Volger ! ’—‘ Hegel ! ’—‘ Storace ! ’—‘ Weber ! ’ but it was clear the point had not been contested. Then he folded his arms together, and laid them on his breast, with a very low bow that brought all the hair into his eyes. Then he shook back the curls and laughed.

“ ‘ It is *Bach*, my dear and revered Sebastian Bach—of all the Bachs alone the Bach, though indeed to any one Bach one of us present is not fit to hold a candle. You do not love Bach—I do. You do not reverence him—he is in my religion. You do not understand him—I am very intimate with him. If you knew him you too would love and worship, and desire of him to know more and more. Ladies and gentlemen ! you are all just. He has no one to take his part,

as has your nondescript modern Orpheus. I shall give a lecture on Bach in this theatre to-morrow evening. Everybody comes in free. Only come !’

“ Who could refuse him ? who could have refused him as he stood there, and flying back behind the curtain peeped again between the folds of it and bowed ! Besides there was a strong curiosity at work, a curiosity of which many were ashamed. Do I tire you ? ”

“ More likely yourself ; do finish about the lecture ! ”

“ The supper-bell will be soon ringing, and will shake the story out of me, so I must make haste. I can tell it you properly some time. The next evening there was such a crowd at the door that they kicked it in, and stood listening outside. The curtain was done away with, and we never could make out how that organ came there which towered behind ; but there it stood, and a piano-forte in front. The Chevalier appeared dressed in black, with nothing in his arms but a heap of programmes written in his own hand, which he distributed himself, for he had no assistant. You know that Forkel has written a life of Bach—well, I have since read this, and have been puzzled to find how such a poem as we listened to could have sprung from the prose of those dry memoirs. The

voice was enough, if it had not said what it did say ; so delicious a voice to hear that no one stirred for fear of losing it.

“I cannot give you the slightest outline, but I have never read any romance so brilliant, nor any philosophy that I could so take in to myself. The illustrations were fugue upon fugue—Oh, to hear that organ with its grand interpretations, and the silver voice between!—and study upon study for the harpsichord that from the new pianoforte seemed to breathe its old excitement—chorale upon chorale—until, with that song restored to its own proper form, it ended—I mean the lecture I cannot say though about the ending, for I was obliged to leave before it was over ; the clear intellect was too much for me, and the genius knocked me down. Many others left upon my very heels ; but those who stayed seemed hardly to recall a word that had been said. All were so impressed, for that night at least, that I can remember nothing to compare with it, except the descriptions in your English divinity books of the revivals in religion of your country. The next day however, the scoffers found their tongues again, and only we to whom the whole affair had appeared on the occasion itself a dream, awoke to a reality that has never left us. We have not been the

same since, and that is one reason we were so anxious you should be one with the students of Bach, even before you knew what you must profess."

"Oh! I come from a good school; for Aronach is full of Bach. But do tell me about the others."

"The Andreites, as they call themselves, are not precisely inimical to Seraphael; that would be impossible, he is so companionable, so free, and truly great; but they one and all slight Bach, and as some of them are professors, and we all study under the Professor of our voice or instrument in particular, it is a pity for the fresh comers to fall into the wrong set."

"But I am safe, at least, for I am certain that Anastase is of the right school."

"The very best; he is a Seraphaelite. They call us Seraphaelites, and we like it; but Seraphael does not like it; so we only use the word now for Parole, Bruderschaft."

"Why, I wonder, does he not like it?"

"Because he is too well bred."

Oh, how I enjoyed that expression! It reminded me of Lenhart Davy and his sayings. I was just going to intrude another question when my intention was snapped by the ringing of the bell, which made a most imposing noise. The sound caused

a sudden rush and rustle through the library, gowns and ungowned figures forsook the nooks and benches, and they each and all put by their books as deftly, dexterously as Millicent used to lay her thimble into her work-box when she was a wee maiden. They did not stare at me at all, which was very satisfactory, and I found occasion to admire all their faces. I told my companion so, and he laughed, rubbing his eyes and stretching; then he put his arm about my neck in strict fraternal fashion, which gratified me exceedingly, and not the less because he was evidently by several years my elder. We left the library together, and right rejoiced was I to hear myself speak again; the first thing that occurred to me to say I said, "Oh! I wanted so much to know what is your instrument."

"I don't think I shall tell you," he replied, in a guileless voice, interesting as his behaviour and language.

"Why not? I must know it at last, must I not?"

"Perhaps you will not think so well of me when you know what I exist for."

"That would make no difference, for every instrument is as great with reference to others as some are in themselves."

"Seraphael could not have put it better. I

play the trombone. It is a great sacrifice at present."

"But"—I returned—"I have not heard the instrument; is it not a splendid sort of trumpet? You mean it is not good for solos?"

"It is quite to itself—a mere abstraction considered by itself—but to the orchestra what red is to the rainbow."

"I know who said that. He puts brass last, I see."

"Oh, you are a thief! You know everything already. Yes, he does put the violet first."

"The violin? Yes, so he called it to me, but I did not know he was fond of calling it so."

"It is one of his theories. It was however one day after he had been expounding it to a few of us who were fortunate to be present when he was glancing through the class-rooms, that he put up his hands, and in his bright way you know, scattering your reasoning faculties like a burst of sunshine, said—'Oh, you must not entertain a word I have said to you!—it is only to be dreamed.'"

"What did he say? what had he said? do, pray, out with it, or I cannot eat, I am sure."

We were just outside the hall doorway now,

within were light and a hundred voices mingled ; into the dusk he gave his own, and I took it safely home in silence.

“ His theory, oh it was in this way ! Strings first of course, violet, indigo, blue—violin, violoncello, double-bass—upon these you repose, the vault is quite perfect. Green the many-sounded kinds of wood, spring-hued flutes, deeper yet softer clarinetti, bassoons the darkest tone, not to be surpassed in its own shade—another vault. The brass of course is yellow, and if the horns suggest the paler dazzle, the trumpets take the golden orange, and the red is left for the trombones, vivid, or dun and dusk.”

“ Oh my goodness ! I don’t wonder he said it was a dream !”

“ It certainly would be dangerous to think of it in any other light !”

“ And you a German !” I cried. “ Did you think I meant it ?”

“ You would mean it,” he retorted, “ if you knew what lip-distorting and ear-distracting work it is practising this same trombone.”

“ But what is your reason then for choosing it, when you might choose *mine* ?”

“ Do you not know that Seraphael has written

as no one else for the trombone? And he was heard to sigh and to say—‘ I shall never find any one to play these passages !’”

“ Oh, Delemann ! and that was the reason you took it up ? How I love you for it !”

CHAPTER VII.

ALL lives have their prose translation as well as their ideal meaning ; how seldom *this* escapes in language worthy, while *that* tells best in words. I was a good deal exhausted for several days after I entered the School, and saw very little except my own stuntedness and deficiency in the mirror of contemplation. For Anastase took me to himself awfully the first morning, all alone ; examined me, tortured me, made me blush and hesitate, and groan ; bade me be humble and industrious ; told me I was not so forward as I might be, drenched me with medicinal advices that lowered my mental system, and finally left me in possession of a minikin edition of what I had conceived myself the day before, but which he deprived me of at present, if not annihilated for ever.

It was doubtless a very good thing to go back to the beginning if he intended to recreate me, but it happened that such transmutation could not take place twice, and it had already occurred once ; still I was absolved from obvious discomfiture to the regenerator, by my silent adaptations to his behaviour.

That which would assuredly become a penance to the physique in dark or wintry weather, remained still a charming matutinal romance, namely, that we all rose at four o'clock, except any one who might be delicate, and that we practised a couple of hours before we got anything to eat ; I mean formally, for in fact we almost all smuggled into our compartments wherewithal to keep off the natural, which might not amalgamate with the spiritual, constraining appetite. Those early mornings were ineffaceably effective for me ; I advanced more according to my desires than I had ever advanced before, and I laid up a significant store of cool sequestered memories. I could, however, scarcely realize my own existence under these circumstances, until the questioner within me was subdued to "contemplation" by my first "adventure."

I had been a week in durance, if not vile very void, for I had seen nothing of the Cerinthias, nor

of their interesting young advocate except at table, though certainly on these latter occasions we surfeited ourselves with talk that whetted my curiosity to a double edge. On the first Sunday however, I laid hold of him coming out of church, when we had fulfilled our darling duties in the choir—for the choir of our little perfect temple, oak-shaded and sunlit, was composed entirely of Cecilians, and I have not time in this place to dilate upon its force and fulness. Delemann responded joyously to my welcome, and when I asked him what was to be our task on Sunday, he answered that the rest of the day was our own, and that if I pleased we would go together and call upon that Maria and her little sister, of whom I knew all that could be gained out of personal intercourse.

“Just what I wished,” said I, “how exactly you guessed it.”

“Oh, but I wanted to go myself!” answered Franz, laughing, “for I have an errand thither;” and together we quitted the church garden with its sheltering lime shadow, for the sultry pavement. It cannot have been five minutes that we walked before we came in front of one of those narrowest and tallest of the droll abodes I was pretty well used to now, since I had lived with Aronach. We went up stairs too, in like style to

that of the old apprentice home, and even as there, did not rest until nearly at the top. Delemann knocked at a door, and, as if perfectly accustomed to do so, walked in without delay. The room we entered was slightly furnished, but singularly in keeping with each other were the few ornaments, unsurpassably effective. Also a light clearness threw up and out each decoration from the delicate hue of the walls and the mild fresco of their borders, unlike anything I had yet seen, and startling in spite of the simplicity of the actual accommodations, from their excelling taste. Upon brackets stood busts, three or four, and a single vase of such form that it could only have been purchased in Italy. At the window were a couch and reading-desk, also a table ready prepared with some kind of noonday meal; and at the opposite end of the apartment rose from the polished floor the stove itself, entirely concealed under lime-branches and oak-leaves. The room, too, was not untenanted, for upon the couch, though making no use whatever of the desk, lay a gentleman who was reading nevertheless a French newspaper. He was very fine, grand-looking, I thought: his dress appeared courtly, so courtly was his greeting. "You have not come for me, I know," he observed to Delemann, having seated us; "but the girls



having dined, are gone to rest; we don't find it easy to dispense with our siesta. You will surely eat first, for you must be hungry, and I am but just come in." He was, in fact, waiting for the soup, which swiftly followed us; and we so sat down together. Franz then produced a little basket which I had noticed him to carry very carefully as we came along; but he did not open it, he placed it by his side upon the table. It was covered, and the cover was tied down with green ribbon. I was instantly smitten curious; but a great stay to my curiosity was the deportment of our host. I had seen a good many musicians by this time, and found them every one the alone civilized and polished of the human race! but there were evidences of supremacy in a few that I detected not even in the superior many. Some had enthralled me more than this young Cerinthia, for I now know he was young though at that time he appeared extremely my elder, and I could have believed him even aged; but there was about him an unassuming nobility that bespoke the highest of all educations—that according to the preparations and purposes of nature. He seemed to live rationally, and I believe he did, though, he was not to the immediate perception, large hearted. He ate, himself, with the frugality

of Ausonia, but pressed us with cordial attention ; and for me, I enjoyed my dinner immensely, though I had not come there to eat. Franz did not talk to him about his sisters as I should have perhaps wished, and I dared not mention them, for there was that in Cerinthia's hazy lustrous eyes that made me afraid to be as audacious as my disposition permitted. Presently, while we were drinking to each other, I heard little steps in the passage, and as I expected an apparition I was not surprised when there entered upon those light feet a little girl, who, the first moment, reminded me of Laura, but not the next, for her face was unlike as my own. She was very young indeed, but had a countenance unusually formed, though the head was infantine—like enough to our entertainer to belong to him, like as to delicacy of extremities, and emerald darkness of eye. She wore a short white frock, and two beautiful plaits of thick bright hair kept and dressed like that of a princess. She took no notice of me, but courtseyed to Delemann with an alien air most strange to me, and then ran past him to her brother, whom she freely caressed at the same time as it were to hide her face. "Look up! my shy Josephine," said he, "and make another courtesy to that young gentleman, who is a great friend

and connoisseur of the Chevalier Seraphael." Josephine looked back at me from beneath her heavy eye-lashes, but still did not approach. Then I said, "How is your sister, Miss Josephine? I am only a little friend of the Chevalier—she is the great one."

"I know," replied she, in a sage child's voice, then looking up at her brother, "Maria is tired, and will not come in here, Joseph."

"She is lying down, then?"

"No, she is brushing her hair." We all laughed at this.

"But run to tell her that Franz Delemann is here, and Carl Auchester with him; or, if you cannot remember this name, Delemann's alone will do."

"But she knows, for we heard them come in, and she said she should stay in her room, but that if Mr. Delemann had a letter for her I might carry it there."

"I don't know whether there is a letter in here, Josephina, but this basket came for her."

"How pretty!" said Josephine, and she stretched her tiny hand, a smile just shining over her face that reminded me of her beautiful sister. I saw she was anxious to possess herself of it, but I could not resist my own desire to be the bearer.

"Let me take it to her!" I exclaimed, impulsively. Cerinthia looked up, and Franz, too, surprised enough, but I did not care, I rose. "She can send me back again, if she is angry," I pleaded, and Cerinthia fairly laughed.

"Oh, you may go! She will not send you back, though I should certainly be sent back if *I* took such a liberty."

"Neither would she admit me," said Delemann.

"Why, you came last Sunday," put in little Josephine, and then she looked at me with one finger to her lip.

"Come, too!"

So we went, she springing before me to a door which she left ajar as she entered, while I discreetly remained outside.

"May he come, Maria?" I heard her say, and then I heard that other voice.

"Who? dear little Josephine, which of them?"

"The little boy."

"The little boy!" she gave a kind of bright cry, and herself came to the door. She opened it, and standing yet there said, with the loveliest manner, "You will not quarrel with this little thing! But forgive her, and pray come in. It was kind to come all the way up those stairs, which are steep as the road to fame."

"Is that steep?" I asked, for her style instantly excited me to a rallying mood.

"Some say so," she replied, "those who seek it. But come and rest," and she led me by her flower-soft finger-tips to a sofa also in the light as in the room I had quitted, and bathed in airs that floated above the gardens and downwards from the heavens into that window also open. A curtain was drawn across the alcove at the end, and between us and its folds of green, standing out most gracefully, was a beautiful harp; there were also more books than I had seen in a sitting room since I left my Davy, and I concluded they had been retrieved from her lost father's library. But upon the whole room there was an atmosphere, thrown neither from the gleaming harp nor illustrating volumes, and as my eyes rested upon her, after roving everywhere else, I could only wonder I had ever looked away. Her very dress was such as would have become no other, and was that which she herself invested with its charm. She wore a dark blue muslin, darker than the summer heaven but of the selfsame hue; this robe worn loosely was laced in front over a white boddice. Upon those folds was flung a shawl of some dense rose-colour, and an oriental texture, and again over that shady brilliance fell the long hair, velvet-soft, and

darker than the pine-trees in the twilight. The same unearthly hue slept in the azure-emerald of her divinely-moulded eyes, mild and liquid as orbéd stars, and just as superhuman. The hair thus loosened, swept over her shoulder into her lap. There was not upon its stream the merest ripple, it was straight as long, and had it not been so fine must have wearied with its weight a head so small as her's.

"What magnificent hair you have!" said I.

"It seems I was determined to make of it a spectacle. If I had known you were coming I should have put it out of the way, but whenever I am lazy or tired, I like to play with it. The Chevalier calls it my rosary."

I was at home directly.

"The Chevalier! oh! have you seen him since that day?"

"Four, five, six times."

"And I have not seen him once."

"You shall see him eight, nine, ten times. Never mind! He comes to see me you know out of that kindness whose prettiest name is charity."

"Where is he now?" I enquired, impatient of that remark of her's.

"Now, I do not know. He has been away a

fortnight, conducting everywhere. Have you not heard?"

"No, what?"

"Of the *Mer de Glace* overture and accompaniments."

"I have not heard a word."

She took hold of her hair, and stroked it impatiently; still there was such sweetness in her accent as made me doubt she was angry.

"I told Florimond to tell you. He always forgets those things!"

I looked up enquiringly; there was that in her eye which might be the light of an unfallen tear.

"But I don't know who you mean."

"I am glad not. How silly I am. Oh *madre mia*! this hot weather softens the brain, I do believe—I should never have done it in the winter. And all this time I have been wondering what is that basket upon which Josephine seems to have set her whole soul."

"It is for you," said Josephine.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "how careless I am. Yes, but I do not know who it comes from. Franz brought it."

"Young Delemann? Oh thank him please. I know very well. Here then *piccola*! *carina*! you shall have to open it. Where are the ivory scissars?"

"Oh, how exquisite!" I cried; for I knew she meant those tiny fingers.

"Exquisite, is it? It is again from the Chevalier."

"Did he say so? I thought it like him; but then you are so like him."

"I? well I believe you are right, there is a kind of likeness."

She raised her eyes, so full of lustre, that I even longed for the lids to fall. The brilliant smile, like the most ardent sunlight, had spread over her whole face. I forgot her strange words in her unimaginable expression, until she spoke again. All this while the little one was untwisting the green bands which were passed over and under the basket. At length the cover was lifted; there were seven or eight immense peaches. I had thought there must be fruit within, from the exhaling scent, but still I was surprised. There was no letter; this disappointed me, but there were fresh leaves at the very bottom. My chief companion took out these and laid each peach upon a leaf; her fingers shone against the downy blush. She presented me with one after another. "Pray eat them, or as many as you can; I do not eat fruit to-day, for it is too hot weather, and *she* must not eat so many." I instantly began to eat, and made efforts

to do even more than I ought. Josephine carried off her share on a doll's plate. Then her sister rose and took in a birdcage from outside the window, where it had hung but I had not seen it. There was within it a small bird, and dull enough it looked until she opened the door, when it fluttered to the bars, hopped out, stood upon a peach, and then, espying me, flew straight into her bosom. It lay there hidden for some minutes, and she covered and quite concealed it with her lovely little hand. I said—

"Is it afraid of me? Shall I go?"

"Oh dear no," she replied; "it does like you, and is only shy. Do you never wish to be hidden when you see those you like?"

"I never have yet, but I dare say I shall now I come to think about it."

"You certainly will. This silly little creature is not yet quite sure of us, that is it."

"Where did it come from?"

"It came from under the rye-stacks. He—that is always the Chevalier, you know—was walking through the rye-fields when the moon was up; the reapers had all gone home. He heard a small cry withering under the wheat, and stayed to listen. Most men would not have heard such a weak cry! no men would have stayed to listen, except one

perhaps, besides. He put aside all the loose ears, and he found under them—for it could not move—this wretched lark with its foot broken, broken by the sickle.”

There was no quiver of her voice or lip as she spoke. I mention this merely because I am not fond of the mere sentiment almost all women infuse into the suffering of inferior creatures, while those with loftier claims and pains are overlooked. She went on :—

“ How do you think he took it up ? He spread his handkerchief over the stubble and shelled a grain or two, which he placed within reach of the lark upon the white table-cloth. The lark tried very hard, and hopped with its best foot to reach the grains, then he drew the four corners together, and brought it here to me. I thought it would die, but it has not died ; and now it knows me, and has no mind to go away.”

“ Does it know him ? ”

“ Not only so, but for him alone will it sing. I let it fly one day when its foot was well, but the next morning I found it outside the window, pecking at its cage-wires, and it said, ‘ Take me back again, if you please. ’ ”

“ That is like the Chevalier too. But you *are* like him. I suppose it is being so much with him.”

"And yet I never saw him till the first day I saw you, and you had seen him long before. I think it must be dead, it is so still."

Hereupon she uncovered the lark's head, it peeped up and slowly, with sly scrutiny, hopped back to the peach and began to feed, driving in its little bill. I wanted to know something now, and my curiosity in those days had not so much as received a wholesome check, much less a quietus; I therefore presumptuously demanded—

"Who was the somebody, Fräulein Cerinthia, that might stop to listen to a bird's cry besides the Chevalier? You stopped."

"And that is why you wish to know. I had better have said it in the right place. Did anybody ever tell you you are audacious? It was Florimond Anastase."

"My master!" and I clapped my hands.

"Mine Sir, if you please."

"But he teaches me the violin."

"And he does not teach me the violin, but is yet my master."

"How;—why?"

"I belong to him, or shall."

"Do you mean that you are married to Anastase?"

"Not yet, or I should not be here."

"But you will be?"

"Yes; that is if nothing should happen to prevent our being married."

"You like to be so, I suppose?"

She gazed up and smiled. Her eyes grew liquid, as standing dew. "I will not say you are again audacious, because you are so very innocent. I do wish it."

I said "*like*—Fräulein Cerinthia."

"You can make a distinction, too. Suppose I said, No."

"I should not believe you, while you look so."

"And if I said, Yes, I dare say you would not believe me either. Dear little Carl, for I must call you little, you are so much less than I—do you really think I would marry, loving music as I do, unless I really loved that which I was to marry more than music?"

So thrilling were her tones in these simple words, of such intensity her deep glance with its fringe all quivering now, that I was alienated at once from her, the child from the woman; yet could like a child have wept too, when she bent her head and sobbed. Could anything be more beautiful? I thought; and now, in pausing, my very memory sobs, heavy-laden with that pathetic passion. For it was not exactly sorrow, albeit a

very, woe-ful bliss. She covered her eyes and gave way a moment ; then sweeping off the tears with one hand, she broke into a smile. The shower ceased amidst the sun-light, but still the sun-light served to fling a more peculiar meaning upon the rain-drops—an iris lustre beamed around her eyes. I can but recall that ineffable expression, the April playing over the oriental mould.

“ I might have known you would have spoken so, Fräulein Cerinthia,” I responded, at last roused to preternatural comprehension by her words ; “ but so few people think in that way about those things.”

“ You are right, and agree with me, or at least you will one day. But for that, all would be music here ; we should have it all *our own way*.”

“ You and the Chevalier. Do you know I had forgotten all about your music till this very minute.”

“ I am very happy to hear that, because it shows we are to be friends.”

“ We have the best authority to be so,” I replied ; “ and it only seems too good to be true. I am really though mad to hear you sing. Dele-mann says there never was in Europe a voice like yours, and that its only fault is it is so heavenly that it makes one discontented.”

“ That is one of the divinest mistakes ever made, Carlino.”

“ The Chevalier calls me Carlomein. I like you to say Carlino, it is so coaxing.”

“ You have served me with another of your high authorities, Maestrino. The Chevalier says, ‘ I have scarcely a voice at all.’ It is the way I sing he likes.”

“ I did not think it possible. And yet, now I come to consider, I don’t think you look so much like a singer as another sort of musician.”

She smiled a little and looked into her lap, but did not reply. It struck me that she was too intuitively modest to talk about herself. But I could not help endeavouring to extort some comment, and I went on.

“ I think you look too much like a composer to be a singer also.”

“ Perhaps ;” she whispered.

I took courage. “ Don’t you mean to be a composer, Fräulein Cerinthia ? ”

“ Carlino, yes. The Chevalier says, that to act well is to compose.”

“ But then,” I proceeded hastily, “ my sister—at least Mr. Davy—at least—you don’t know who I mean, but it does not matter ; a gentleman, who is very musical, told me and my sister that the original purpose of the drama is defeated in Eng-

land, and that, instead of bringing the good out of the beautiful, it produces the artificial out of the false—those were his very words; he was speaking of the *music* of operas though, I do remember, and perhaps I made some mistake.”

“ I should think not.”

“ In England it is very strange, is it not? that good people, real good people, think the opera a dreadful place to be seen in, and the theatres worse. My sister used to say it was so very unnatural, and it seems so.”

“ I have heard it is so in England, and really after all I don't so much wonder, and, perhaps, it is better for those good people you spoke of to keep away. It is not so necessary for them to go as for us. And this is it, as I have heard—and you will know how, when I have said it to you. Music is the soul of the drama, for the highest drama is the opera—the highest possible is the soul, of course, and so the music should be, above the other forms, and they the ministers. But most people put the music at the bottom, and think of it last in this drama. If the music be high, all rise to it, and the higher it is, the higher will all rise. See, the dramatic personification passes naturally into that spiritual height, as the form of those we love, and

their fleeting actions fraught with grace, dissolve into our strong perception of the soul we in them love and long for. The lights and shades of scenery cease to have any meaning in themselves, but again are drawn upwards into the concentrated performing souls, and so again pass upwards into the compass of that tonal paradise. But let the music be degraded or weak, and down it will pull performers, performance and intention, crush the ideal, as persons without music crush *our* ideal—have you not felt? All dramatic music is not thus weak and bad, but much that they use most is vague as well as void. I am repeating to you, Carlino, the very words of the Chevalier, do not think they were my own.”

“I did, then, think them very like his words, but I see your thoughts, too, for you would say the same. Is there no music to which you would act, then?”

“Oh, yes! I would act to any music, not because I am vain, but because I think I could help it upwards a little. Then there is a great deal for us; we cannot quarrel over Mozart and Cimarosa, neither Gluck nor Spohr; and there is one, but I need hardly name him, who wrote “Fidelio.” And the Chevalier says, if there needed a proof that the highest acting is worthy of the highest

music, the highest music of the highest form, or outward guise of love in its utmost loveliness—that opera stands as such. And, further, that all the worst operas and ill-repute of them in the world will not weigh against the majesty and purity of Beethoven's own character in the opposing scale."

"Oh, thank you for having such a memory!"

"I have a memory in my memory for those things."

"Yes, I know. Does the Chevalier know you are to marry Anastase?"

"No."

I was surprised at this, though she said it so very simply; she looked serene as that noonday sky, and very soon she went on to say—"Florimond my friend, is very young, though I look up to him as no one else could believe. I am but fifteen, you know, and have yet been nearly three years betrothed."

"Gracious! You were only a little girl!"

"Not much less than now. I don't think you would ever have called me a little girl, and Florimond says I shall never be a woman. I wished to tell the Chevalier, thinking he would be so good as to congratulate me, and hoping for such a blessing, but I have never found myself able to bring it out

of my lips. I always felt it withdraw, as if I had no reason, and certainly I had no right to confide my personal affairs to him. Our intercourse is so different."

"Yes, I should think so. I wonder what you generally talk about."

"Never yet of anything but music."

"That is strange, because the Chevalier does not usually talk so—but of little things, common things he makes so bright; and Franz tells me and so did another of our boys, that he only talks of such small affairs generally, and avoids music."

"So I hear from my brother. He talks to Josephine about her doll. He did tell me once that with me alone 'he communed music.'"

"Again his words!"

She assented by her flying smile.

"He never plays to you, then?"

"Never to myself; but then, you see, I should never ask him."

"And he would not do it unless he were asked. I understand that. You feel as I should about asking *you*."

"Me to sing?" she inquired, in a tone beguiling, lingering, an echo of *his* voice ever sleepless in my brain, or that if sleeping ever awoke to music. I nodded.

"No," said she again, with quickness, "I will not wait to be asked."

As she spoke she arose, and those dark streams of hair fell off her like some shadow from her spirit—she shone upon me in rising—so seemed her smile. "Oh!" I cried, eagerly, and I caught by some impulse the hem of her garment, "you are going to be so good!"

"If you let me be so," she replied, and drew away those folds, passing to her harp. Her hand, suddenly thrown upon the wires, whose resistance to embrace so sweet made all their music—caught the ear of little Josephine, who had been playing very innocently for a prodigy, in the corner, and now she came slowly forwards, her doll in her arms, and stood about a yard from the harp, again putting up one finger to her lip and giving me a glance across the intervening space. She looked as she so peered, both singular and interesting in the blended curiosity and shyness that appertain to certain childhoods, but it seemed to me at that moment as if she were a strayed earthling into some picture of a scene in that unknown which men call Heaven. For the harp and the form which appeared now to have grown to it—so inseparable are the elements of harmony, so intuitively they blend in meeting—were not a sight

to suggest anything this side of death. All beauty is the gage of immortality, and as I wondered at her utter loveliness I became calm as immortality only permits and sanctions, when on it our thoughts repose, for it our affections languish. Her arms still rested behind and before the strings as she tuned them ; still her hair swept that cloud upon the softness of her cheek, toned the melancholy arch of her brow ; but the deep rose-hues of her now drooping mantle, and the Italian azure of her robe, did not retrieve the fancy to any earthly apparition. They seemed but transparent and veil-like media, through which the whiteness of light found way in colours that sheathed an unendurable naked lustre. I thought not in such words, but such thoughts were indeed mine, and while I was yet gazing—dreaming I should say, for I ever dream on beauty—she played some long low chords, attenuated golden thwarting threads of sound, and began forthwith to sing. She sang in German, and her song was a prayer for rest, a Sunday song, as little Josephine said afterwards to me. But it might have been a lay of revenge, of war, or of woe, for all I heard that the words conveyed ; as I could not exist except in the voice itself, or the spirit of which the voice was form. I felt then that it is not in voice, it is not

in cunning instrument, that the thing called Music hides ; it is the uncreate intelligence of tone that genius breathes into the created elements of sound. This girl's or angel's voice was not so sweet as intelligible, not so boundless as intense. It went straight into the brain, it stirred the soul without disturbing ; the ear was unconscious as it entered that dim gallery and rushed through it to the inward sympathetic spirit. The quality of the voice too, as much pertained to that peculiar organization as certain scents pertain to particular flowers. It was as in the open air, not in the hot-house, that this foreign flower expanded, and breathed to the sun and wind its secrets. It was what dilettanti call a contralto voice, but such a contralto too that either nature or culture permitted the loftiest flights ; the soprano touches were vivid and vibrating as the topmost tones of my violin. While the fragrance yet fanned my soul, the flower shut up. She ceased singing, and came to me.

“ Do you like that little song ? It is the Chevalier's.”

“ A Sunday song,” observed Josephine, as I mentioned.

“ A Sunday song ?” I cried, and started. “ I have not heard a word !”

"Oh!" she said, not regretfully, but with excitement, "you must then hear it again, and Josephine shall sing it, that you may not think of my voice instead of the song."

I had not time to remonstrate, nor had I right. The child began quite composedly, still holding her doll. She had a wonderful voice. But what have I to do with voices? I mean style. Josephine's voice was crude as a green whortleberry, its sadness was sour, its strength harsh; though a voice shrill and small as the cricket's chirp, with scarcely more music. But she sang divinely; she sang like a cherub before the great white throne.

The manner was her sister's; the fragrance another—a peculiar wood-like odour, as from moss and evanescent wild-flowers, if I may so compare as then it struck me. I listened to the words this while, to the melody—the rush of melodies—for in that composer's slightest effect each part is a separate soul, the counterpoint a subtle fiery chain imprisoning the souls in bliss. Ineffable as was that air—ineffable as is every air of his—I longed to be convinced it had been put together by a *man*. I could not, and I cannot to this hour, associate anything material with strains of his. When Josephine concluded, I was about to beg for

more, but the other left her harp and kissing her little care brought her with herself to the couch where she had quitted me. How strange was the sweetness, how sweet the change in her manner now.

"How pale you look!" said she, "I shall give you some wine. I can feel for you, if you are delicate in health, for I am so myself, and it is so sad sometimes."

"No wine please, I have had wine, and am never the better for it. I believe I was born pale, and shall never look anything else."

"I like you pale, if it is not that you are delicate."

"I think I am pretty strong; I can work hard, and do."

"Do not!" she said, putting her loveliest hand on my hair, and turning my face to hers. "Do not, lieber, work hard—not too hard."

"And why not? for I am sure you do?"

"That is the very reason I would have you not do so. I *must* work hard."

"But if you are delicate, Fräulein Cerinthia?"

"God will take care of me. I try to serve Him. None have to answer for themselves as musicians;" she suddenly ceased—passed one hand over her

face, she did not stir, but I heard her sigh ; she arose, and looked from the window ; she sate down again, as if undecided.

“Can I do anything for you ?” I asked.

“No, I want nothing ; I am only thinking that it is very troublesome the person who sent those fruits could not come instead of them. I ought to have kept it from you, child as you are.”

“Child, indeed ! why, what are you, yourself ?”

“Young, very young !” she replied, with some passion in her voice, “but so much older than you are in every sense. I never remember when I did not feel I had lived a long time.”

I was struck by these words, for they often returned upon me afterwards, and I rose to go feeling something disturbed at having wearied her, for she had not the same fresh bloom and unfatigued brightness as when I entered. She did not detain me, though she said, “Call me Maria, please, I should like it best. We are both so young, you know ! We might have been brother and sister.” And in this graceful mood my memory carried her away.

CHAPTER VIII.

I NEED not say I looked upon Anastase with very different eyes next time I crossed his path. He had never so much interested me—he had never attracted me before—he attracted me violently now, but not for his own sake. I watched every movement and gesture—every intimation of his being separable from his musical nature, and dissociated from his playing. He seemed to think me very inattentive on the Monday morning, though in fact, I had never been so attentive to him before; but I did not get on very well with my work. At last he fairly stopped me, and touched my chin with his bow.

“What are you thinking about this morning, Sir?” he enquired in that easy voice of his, with that cool air.

I never told a lie in my life, white or black. "Of you, Sir," I replied. With his large eyes on mine I felt rather scorched, but still I kept faith with myself. "Of the Fräulein Cerinthia."

"I thought as much. The next Sunday you will remain at home."

"Yes, Sir. But that won't prevent my thinking about you and her."

"Exactly. You shall therefore have sufficient time to think about us. As you have not control to fasten your mind on your own affairs, we must indulge your weakness by giving it plenty of room."

Then he pointed to my page with his bow, and we went on quietly. I need not say we were alone. After my lesson, just before he proceeded to the next violin, he spoke again.

"You do not know, perhaps, what test you are about to endure. We shall have a concert next month, and you will play a first violin with me."

"Sir!" I gasped—"I cannot—I never will."

"Perhaps you will change your note when you are aware who appointed you. It is no affair of mine."

"If you mean, Sir, that it is the Chevalier who appointed me, I don't believe it, unless you gave your sanction."

He turned upon me with a short smile, just the end of one, and raised his delicate eyebrows. "Be that as it may, to-night we rehearse first, in the lesser hall; there will be nobody present but the band. The Chevalier will hold his own rehearsal the week after next, for there is a work of his on this occasion; therefore we shall prepare, and I trust successfully, so that the polishing only will remain for him."

"Bravo! Sir."

"I hope it will be bravo, but it is no bravo at present," said he in dismissing me.

I had never heard Anastase play yet, and was very curious. I mean I had never heard him play consecutively, his exhibitions to us being confined to short passages we could not surmount, bar upon bar, phrase upon phrase, here a little and there a very little. But now he must needs bring himself before me, to play out his own inner nature.

I found Delemann in his own place presently—a round box like a diminutive observatory, at the very top of the building, and communicating only with similar boxes occupied by the brass in general. I let myself in, for it would have been absurd to knock amidst the demonstrations of the alto trombone. He was so ardent over that metallic wonder

of his, that I had to pluck his sleeve. Even then he would not leave off, at the risk of splitting that short upper lip of his by his involuntary smile, until he had finished what lay before him. It was one great sheet, and I espied at the top the words "Mer de Glace : Ouverture : Seraphael." Maddier than ever for a conclusion, I stopped my ears till he laid down that shining monster and took occasion to say,—“That is what we are to have to-night.”

“I know. But how abominable is Anastase not to let me have my part to practise!”

“Very likely it is not ready. The brass came this morning, and the strings were to follow. Mine was quite damp when I had it.”

We went into rehearsal together, Franz and I. What a different rehearsal from my first in England! Here we were all instruments. Franz was obliged to leave me on entering, and soon I beheld him afar off, at the top of the wooden platform, on whose raised steps we stood, taking his place by the tenor trombone—a gentleman of adult appearance who had a large mouth. I have my own doubts, private and peculiar, about the superior utility of large mouths, because Franz, of the two, played best; but that is no matter here.

Our saal was a simple room enough, guiltless of

ornament; our orchestra deal, clear of paint or varnish; our desks the same, but light as ladies' hand-screens—this was well, as Anastase, who was not without his crotchet, made us continually change places with each other, and we had to carry them about. There were wooden benches all down the saal, but nobody sat in them; there was not the glimmer of a countenance, nor the shine of two eyes. The door-bolts were drawn inside: there was a great and prevalent awe. The lamps hung over us, but not lighted; the sun was a long way from bed yet, and so were we. Anastase kept us at "L'Amour Fugitif" and "Euryanthe"—I mean their respective overtures—a good while, and was very quiet all the time, until our emancipation into the "Mer de Glace." His *face* did not change even then; but there was a fixity and straightening of the arm as if an iron nerve had passed down it suddenly, and he mustered us still more closely to him and to each other. My stand was next his own, and, looking here and there, I perceived Iskar among the second violins, and was stirred up, for I had not met with him except at table since I came there.

It is not in my power to describe my own sensations on my first introduction to Seraphael's orchestral definite creation. Enough to say, that

I felt all music besides, albeit precious, albeit inestimable, to have been but affecting the best and highest portion of myself, but as exciting to loftier aspirations my constant soul. But that *his* creation did indeed not only first affect me beyond all analysis of feeling, but cause upon me, and through me, a change to pass—did first recreate, expurge of all earthly; and then inspire surcharge with heavenly hope and holiest ecstasy. That qualitative heavenly, and this superlative holiest, are alone those which disabuse of the dread to call what we love best and worship truest by name. No other words are expressive of that music which alone realizes the desire of faith—faith supernal alike with the universal faith of love.

As first awoke the strange smooth wind-notes of the opening adagio, the fetterless chains of ice seemed to close around my heart. The movement had no blandness in its solemnity, and so still and shiftless was the grouping of the harmonies, that a frigidity actual as well as ideal, passed over my pores, and hushed my pulses. After a hundred such tense yet clinging chords, the sustaining calm was illustrated, not broken, by a serpentine phrase of one lone oboe, pianissimo over the piano surface

which it crisped not, but on and above which it breathed like the track of a sunbeam aslant from a parted cloud. The slightest possible retardation at its close brought us to the refrain of the simple adagio, interrupted again by a rush of violoncello notes, rapid and low, like some sudden under current striving to burst through the frozen sweetness. Then spread wide the subject, as plains upon plains of *water-land*; though the time was gradually increased. Amplifications of the same harmonies introduced a fresh accession of violoncelli and oboi contrasted artfully in syncopation, till at length the strides of the accelerando gave a glittering precipitation to the entrance of the second and longest movement.

Then Anastase turned upon me, and with the first bar we fell into a tumultuous presto. Far beyond all power to analyse as it was just then, the complete idea embraced me as instantaneously as had the picturesque chillness of the first. I have called it tumultuous—but merely in respect of rhythm—the harmonies were as clear and evolved as the modulation itself was sharp, keen, unanticipated, unapproachable. Through every bar reigned that vividly enunciated ideal, whose expression pertains to the one will alone in any age—

the ideal, that binding together in suggestive imagery every form of beauty, symbolizes and represents something beyond them all.

Here over the surge-like but fast-bound motivo—only like those tost ice-waves, dead still in their heaped-up crests—were certain swelling crescendos of a second subject, so unutterably if vaguely sweet, that the souls of all deep blue Alp-flowers, the clarity of all high blue skies, had surely passed into them, and was passing from them again.

Scarcely is it legitimate to describe what so speaks for itself as Music, yet there are assuredly effects produced by music which may be treated of to the satisfaction of the initiated.

It was not until the very submerging climax that the playing of Anastase was recalled to me. Then, amidst long ringing notes of the wild horns, and intermittent sighs of the milder wood, swept from the violins a torrent of coruscant arpeggi, and above them all I heard his tone, keen but solvent, as his bow seemed to divide the very strings with fire, and I felt as if some spark had fallen upon my fingers to kindle mine. As soon as it was over, I looked up and laughed in his face with sheer pleasure, but he made no sign, nor was there the slightest evidence of the strenuous emotion to which he had been abandoned--no flush of cheek nor

flash of eye—only the least possible closer contraction of the slight lips. He did nothing but find fault, and his authority appeared absolute ; for when he reprimanded Iskar in particular, and called him to account for the insertion extraordinary of a queer appoggiatura which I did not know he had heard, that evil one came down without a smirk, and minced forth some apology, instead of setting up his crest as usual. I was very thankful at last when the room was cleared, as it was infernally hot, and I had made up my mind to ask Anastase whether my violin were really such a good one ; for I had not used it before this night.

When no one was left except he and I, I ventured to ask him whether I could carry anything anywhere for him, to attract his attention.

“ Yes,” said he, “ you may gather up all the parts and lay them together in that closet,” pointing to a wooden box behind the platform ; “ but do not put your own away, because you are going to look over it with me.”

I did as he directed, and then brought myself back to him. But before I could begin, he took my fiddle from my arms, and turning it round and round, demanded, “ Where did you get this ?” I told him in a few words its history, or what I imagined to be its history. He looked rather

astonished, but made no comment, and then he began to play to me. I do not suppose another ever played like him ; I may perhaps myself a very little, but I never heard anybody else. The peculiar strength of his tone I believe never to have been surpassed, the firmness of his cantabile never equalled, his expression in no case approached. Santonio's playing dwindled in my mind, for Anastase, though so young, performed with a pointedness altogether mature ; it was that on which to repose unshifting security for the most ardent musical interest ; yet, with all its solidity, it was not severe even in the strictest passages. Of all playing I ever heard on my adopted instrument, and I have heard every first-rate and every medium performer in Europe, it was the most forceful : let this term suffice just here. I said to him when he had finished with me, "How much fuller your playing is than Santonio's ! I thought his wonderful until I heard your's." But with more gentleness than I had given him credit for, he responded, laying down my little treasure, "I consider his playing myself far more wonderful than mine. Mine is not wonderful, it is a wrong word to use. It is full, because I have studied to make it the playing of a leader, which must not follow its own vagaries. Neither does

Santonio, who is also a leader, but a finer player than I—finer in the sense of delicacy, experience, finish. Now go and eat your supper, Auchester.”

“Sir, I don’t want any supper.”

“But I do, and I cannot have you here.”

I knew he meant he was going to practise ; it was always his supper I found, but he had become again unapproachable. I had not gained an inch nearer ground to him, really, yet. So I retired and slipped into the refectory, where Franz was keeping a seat for me.

I was positively afraid to go out the next Sunday—and the next it rained—we all stayed in. On the following Wednesday would come our concert, and by this time I knew that the Chevalier would be accompanied by certain of his high-born relations. But do not imagine that we covered for them galleries with cloth and yellow fringe. It was altogether to me one of my romance days, and, as such, I partook in the spirit of festivity that stirred abroad. The day before was even something beyond romance. After dinner we all met in the garden-house, as we called the pillared alcove, to arrange the decorations for our hall which were left entirely to ourselves, at our united request. About fifty of us were of one mind, and, somehow or other, I got command of the whole

troop ; I am sure I did not mean to put myself so. I sent out several in different directions to gather oak-branches and lime-boughs, vine-leaves and evergreens, and then sat down to weave garlands for the arches amongst a number more. Having seen them fairly at work, I went forth myself, and found Maria Cerinthia at home : she came with me directly, and we made another pilgrimage in search of roses and myrtles. Josephine went too, and we all three returned laden from the garden of a sincere patroness down in the valley beneath the hill, of whom we had asked such alms.

Entering Cecilia, after climbing the slope leisurely, we saw a coach at the porter's door, the door where letters and messages were received, not the grand door of the School, which all day stood open for the benefit of bustling Cecilians. I thought nothing of this coach however, as one often might have seen one there, but while Maria took back Josephine, I obtained possession of all the flowers which she placed in my arms, promising to be with us anon in the garden-house. Past the professors' rooms I walked ; and I have not yet mentioned the name of Thauch, our nominal superintendent, the appointed of the Chevalier, who always laughingly declared he had selected him because he knew nothing about music, to care

for us *out* of music. Thauch sat at the head of the middle table, and we scarcely saw him otherwise or spoke to him ; thus I was astonished and rather appalled to be called upon by him when I reached his room, which was unclosed, and where he was writing accounts. I was not aware he even knew my name, but by it he called upon me. "Sir!" I said, "what do you want?" as I did not desire to halt, for fear of crushing up my sweet fresh roses. He had risen and was in the doorway, waiting with true German deliberation until I was quite recovered from my breathlessness, and then he did not answer, but took my shoulders and pushed me into his parlour, himself leaving the room, and shutting himself out into the passage.

Shall I ever forget it? For gasping still, though I had thrown all my flowers out of my arms, I confronted the bright old-fashioned, distinct yet dream-like faces of two who sat together upon the chairs behind the door. You will not expect me to say how I felt when I found they were my own sister Millicent, my own Lenhart Davy ; and that they did not melt away. I suppose I did something—put out my hands perhaps, or turned some strange colour which made Davy think I should faint—for he rose, and coming to me, with his hilarious laugh, put his arms about me, and took

me to my sister. When once she had kissed me, and I had felt her soft face and the shape of her lips, and smelt the scent of an Indian box at home that clung to her silk handkerchief yet—I cried—and she cried too, but we were both quiet enough about it; she I only knew was crying by her cheek pressing wet against mine. After a few moments so unutterable, I put myself away from her, and began distinctly to perceive the strangeness of our position. Millicent, as I examined her, seemed to have grown more a woman than I remembered, but that may have pertained to her dress, so different from the style with which I associated her—the white ribbons and plain caps under the quaint straw bonnet, and the black silk spencer. Now, she wore a mantle of very graceful cut, and the loveliest pink lining to her delicate fancy hat; this gave to her oval countenance a blushful clearness that made her look lovely in my eyes. And when I did speak, what do you think I said? “Oh, Millicent! how odd it is! Oh, Mr. Davy! how odd you look!”

“Now Charles!” said he in answer—and how the English accents thrilled the tears into my eyes—“Now Charles! tell me what you mean by growing so tall, and being so self-possessed. You

are above my shoulder; and have lost all your impudence."

"No, Mr. Davy, I havn't—kiss me!" said I; and I threw my arms about him, and clung on there till curiosity swelled unconquerable.

"Oh, Mr. Davy! how extraordinary it is of you to come so suddenly, without telling me. And mother never said the least word about it. Oh, Millicent! how did you get her to let you come? and oh!"—suddenly it struck me very forcibly—"how very strange you should come with Mr. Davy! Is anybody ill? No, you would have told me directly, and you would not be dressed so."

Millicent looked up at Davy with an unwonted expression; a new light in her eyes, that had ever slept in shade; and he laughed again.

"No, nobody is ill, and she would *not* be dressed so if I had not given her that bonnet, for which she scolded me instead of thanking me—for it came from Paris."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, and I felt all over bathed in delight. I ran to Millicent, and whispered into that same bonnet—"Oh, Millicent! are you married to Mr. Davy?"

She pulled off one of her pale-coloured gloves, and showed me the left hand—I saw the ring—

oh, how strangely I felt ! hot and cold, glad and sorry, excited and yet stayed. I flew to my first friend and kissed his hand : " Dear Mr. Davy, I am so glad ! "

" I thought you would be, Charles. If I had anticipated any objection on your part I should have written to you first ! "

" Oh, Mr. Davy ! " I cried, laughing, " but why did they not write and tell me ? "

" My dear brother, it was that we wished to spare you all disappointment. "

" You mean I could not have come home. No, I don't think I could ; even for your wedding, Millicent, and your's, Mr. Davy. We have been so busy lately. "

Davy laughed : " Oh I see what an important person you have become. We knew it ; and it was I who persuaded your mother not to unsettle you. I did it for the best. "

" It was for the best, dearest Charles, " said Millicent, looking into Davy's face, as if perfectly at home with it. She had never used to look into his face at all.

" Oh ! " I again exclaimed, suddenly reminded, " What did you wear, Millicent, to be married in ? "

" A white muslin pelisse, Charles, and Miss Benette's beautiful veil. "

"Yes, and Charles," continued Davy, "Millicent gratified us both by asking Miss Benette to be her bridesmaid."

"And did she come?" I asked rather eagerly.

"No, Charles; she did not."

I knew she would not, I thought, though I scarcely knew why.

"But she came, Charles, the night before, and helped them to dress the table; and so beautiful she made it look that everybody was astonished; yet she had only a few garden flowers, and a *very* few rare ones."

"But how long have you been married, Mr. Davy? and are you going to live *here*? What will the class do? Oh the dear class! Who sits by Miss Benette now, Mr. Davy?"

He laughed.

"Oh, Charles! if you please, one question at a time. We have been married one week; is it not, Millicent?"

She smiled and blushed.

"And I am not going to leave my class; it is larger now than you remember it, and I have not left my little house; but I have made one more room, and we find it quite wide enough to contain us."

"Oh, Sir! then you came here for a trip. How

delicious! Oh, Millicent! do you like Germany? Oh! you will see the Chevalier."

"Well, Charles, it is only fair, for we have heard so much about him. Nothing in your letters but the Chevalier, and the Chevalier, and we do not even know his name from *you*. Clo says whenever your letters come—'I wish he would tell us how he sleeps;' and my mother hopes that Seraphael is 'a good man,' as you are so fond of him."

"But, Charles!" added Davy, with his old earnestness, and with a sparkling eye, "how then shall we see him, and where? For I would walk bare-foot through Germany for that end."

"Without any trouble, Mr. Davy, because to-morrow will be our concert, and he is coming to conduct his new overture—only his new overture, mind! He will sit in the Hall most part, and you will see him perfectly."

"My dear, dear Charles!" observed Millicent, "it is something strange to hear you say 'our concert.' How entirely you have fulfilled your destiny! And shall we hear you play?"

"Yes," I replied with mock modesty, but in such a state of glowing pride, that it was quite as much as I could do to answer with becoming indifference; "Yes, I am to play a first violin."

"A first violin! Charles?" said Davy, evidently

surprised. "What, already? Oh, I did not predict wrong! What if I had kept you in my class? But, Millicent, we must not stay," he added, turning to her, "we only came to carry Charles away, as we are here on forbidden ground."

"Not at all, Mr. Davy!" I cried, eager to do the honours of Cecilia, "a great many of them go out to see their friends, and have their friends come to see them, but I had no one until now you see."

"Yes, but Charles," replied my sister, "we understand that no visitors are permitted entrance the day before a concert, and thought it a wise regulation too. They made an exception in our case because we came so far, and also because we came to take you away."

"Where are we going then? Going away?"

"Only to the inn, where we have a bed for you engaged, that we may see something of you out of study. You must go with us now, for we have obtained permission."

"Whatever shall I do?"

"What now, Charles?"

"Well, Mr. Davy, you may laugh, but we are to decorate our concert-hall, and they are waiting for me, I dare say. All those flowers, too, that you made me throw down, were for garlands. If I might only go and tell them how it is—"

"See Charles, there is some one wanting to speak to *you*. I heard a knock."

I turned and let in Franz. He could not help glancing at the pink lining while he breathlessly whispered, "Do not mind us; Fräulein Cerinthia is gone to fetch her brother, and while they are at supper we shall dress the hall under her directions, and she says you are to go with your friends."

"That is my sister, Delemann," said I, and then I introduced them quite forgetting that Millicent had changed her name, which amused them immensely after Franz was gone, having gathered up my roses and taken them off. Then Davy begged me to come directly, and I hurried to my room, and took him with me. How vain I felt to show him my press, my screen, my portmanteau full of books, and my private bed; my violin asleep in its case, and last not least, his china cup and saucer in the little brown box! While I was combing my hair, he stood and watched me with delight in his charming countenance, not a cloud upon it.

"Oh, dear Mr. Davy, how exquisite it is that you should be my brother! I shall never be able to call you anything but Mr. Davy, though."

"You shall call me whatever you please, I shall always like it."

"And Sir, please to tell me, am I tidy? Fit to walk with a bride and bridegroom?"

"Not half smart enough! Your sister has brought your part of the wedding ceremony in her only box, and let me tell you, Charles, you are highly favoured; for the muslin dresses and laces will suffer in consequence!"

"I don't believe that, Sir," said I, laughing.

"And why not, Sir?"

"Because Sir, my sisters would none of them travel about with muslin dresses if they had only one box."

"They would travel about, as Mrs. Davy does, in black silk," answered Davy, pursuing me as I ran, but I escaped him, and rejoined Millicent first, who was waiting for us with all possible patience.

There are a few times of our life—not the glorious eternal days that stand alone—but, thank God! many hours which are nothing for us but pure and passive enjoyment in which we exist. How exquisitely happy was I on this evening, for example; the prospect of the morrow so intensely bright, the present of such tender sweetness! How divine is Love in all its modifications! how inseparable is it from repose, from rapture!

As we went along the village, and passed the

shops, in the freshening sunbeams low-shining from the bare, blue heaven, I fetched a present for my brother and sister, in the shape of two concert tickets, which, contrary to Tedescan custom, were issued for the advantage of any interested strangers. I put them into Millicent's hand, saying, "You know I gave you no wedding gift."

"Yes, Charles, you gave me this,"—and she looked up at Davy. "I should never have known him, but for you."

"Which means, my love, that I am also to thank Charles for introducing me to you,"—and Davy took off his hat with mock reverence.

"Oh, that won't do, Mr. Davy ! for you said you had seen a beautiful Jewess at our window before you knew who lived in our house ; and, of course, you would have got in there somehow, at last."

"*Never !*" said Davy, in a manner that convinced me he never would.

"Then I *am* very glad," said I ; "glad that I ran away one morning. The Chevalier says that nothing happens accidentally to such as I."

They laughed till they saw how serious I had grown again, and then smiled at each other. Arrived at our inn, we rested. Will it be believed that Davy had brought some of his own tea, besides

several other small comforts? This much amused me. After our tea—a real home tea, which quite choked my unaccustomed faculties, at first—Davy put his wife on the sofa, and with a bright authority there was no resisting, bade her be still, while he fetched my part of the ceremony. This consisted of half a dozen pairs of beautiful white kid gloves,—treasures these, indeed, to a fiddler!—a white silk waistcoat, a small case of Spanish chocolate, and a large cake iced and almonded.

“That was made at home, Charles,” said Millicent; “and is exactly like that we sent to our friends.”

In those days, it was not old fashion, gentle reader, to send out bridecake to ones’ friends. I need only mention a white favour or two, and a frosted silver flower, because I reserved the same for Josephine Cerinthia.

CHAPTER IX.

IN my box-bed at that flower-baptized inn, I certainly did not sleep so well as in my own nest at school. Here it was in a box, as ever in that country of creation, and in the middle of the night I sat up to wonder whether my sister and new-found brother thought the locale as stifling as I did. I was up before the sun, and dressed together with his arrangement of his beams. We had—in spite of the difficulty to get served in rational fashion—a right merry breakfast, thanks to the company and the tea ; I had not tasted such, as it appeared to me, since my infancy.

How Davy did rail against the toilette shortcomings, the meagre shallow depths of his basin ! and he was not happy until I took him to my por-

tion (as we called our sleeping-places at Cecilia), and let him do as he pleased with my own water-magazine. This was an artificial lake of red ware, which was properly a baking-dish, and which I had purchased under that name for my private need. If it had not been for the little river which flowed not half a mile from our school, and which our Cecilians haunted as a bath through summer, I could not answer, in my memory's conscience, for their morality, if as I of course believe, cleanliness be next to godliness.

After breakfast, and after I had taken Davy back, I returned myself alone to seek Maria and escort her. Davy and Millicent seemed so utterly indisposed to stir out until it was necessary, and so unfit for any society but each other's, that I did not hesitate to abscond. I left them together; Davy lazier than I had ever seen him, and *she* more like brilliant evening than unexcited morning. What am I writing? Is morning ever unexcited to the enthusiast? I think his only repose is in the magical supervention of the mystery night brings to his heart.

I was sorry to find that neither Maria, Josephine, nor Joseph, were at home. The way was clear upstairs, but all the doors were locked as usual when they were out, and I went on to Cecilia in

a pet. It was nine when I arrived, quite restored. Our concert was to be at ten.

What different hours are kept in Germany ! what different hearts cull the honey of the hours ! Our dining hall was full ; there was a great din. Our garden house was swept and garnished as I remembered it the day I came with One—but not quite so enticing in its provisions ; that is to say, there were no strawberries which had been so interesting to me on the first occasion. I retreated to the library. No one was there. I might not go among the girls, whose establishment was apart ; but I knew I should meet them before we had to take our places ; and off I scampered to Franz's observatory. Will it be believed he was still at work ? those brass lips embracing his, already dressed, his white gloves lying on his monster's cradle. " My dear Delemann," I exclaimed, " for pity's sake put that down now ! "

" My dear Carl, how shall I feel when that moment comes ? " —pointing to the up-beat of bar 109, where he first came in upon the field of the Score.

" I don't think you will feel differently if you practise only half an hour more, any how."

" Yes, I shall ; I want rubbing up. Besides I have been here since six."

"Oh, Delemann! you are a good boy. But I don't feel nervous at all."

"You, Carl! No, I should think not. You will have no more responsibility than the hand of a watch, with that Anastase for the spring—works, too that never want winding up, and that were bought ready made by our patroness."

"Dear Franz, do come! I am dying to see the hall."

"I don't think it is done. Fräulein Cerinthia went out to get some white roses for a purpose she held secret. The boughs are all up though."

"My dear Franz, you are very matter-of-fact."

"No I am not, Carl. The tears ran down my face at rehearsal."

"That was because I made a mouth at you, which you wanted to laugh at, and dared not."

"Well," said Franz, mock mournfully, "I can do nothing with you here,—so come."

He rolled up his monster, and took up his gloves. I had a pair of Millicent's in my pocket.

"We must not forget to call at the garden-house for a rose to put here," said Franz, running his slight fore-finger into his button-hole. We accordingly went in there. A good many had preceded us, and rifled the baskets of roses, pinks

and jessamine, that stood about. While we were turning over those still left, up came somebody and whispered that Anastase was bringing in the Cerinthias. I eagerly gazed, endeavouring with all my might to look innocent of so gazing. But I only beheld between the pillars the clear brow and waving robes of my younger master, as he bent so lowly before a maiden raimented in white, and only as he left her, for he entered not within the alcove. As he retreated Maria advanced. She was dressed in white, as I have said, but so dazzling was her beauty that all eyes were bent upon her. All the chorus-singers were in white, but who looked the least like her? With the deep azure of our order folded around her breast, and on that breast a single full white rose, with that dark hair bound from the arch of her delicate forehead, she approached, and presented us each also with a single rose, exquisite as her own, from the very little basket I had carried to her that Sunday, now quite filled with the few flowers it contained. "They are so fresh," said she, "that they will not die the whole morning." And I thought, as I saw her, that nothing in the whole realm of flowers was so beautiful or just then so fresh, as herself.

A very little while now and our conductor,

Zittermayer, the superior in age of Anastase, but his admirer and sworn ally, came in and ordered the chorus forwards. They having dispersed, he returned for ourselves, the gentry of the band. As soon as I aspired through the narrow orchestra door, I beheld the same sight in front as from the other end at the day of my initiation into those sceneries; or very much the same—the morning sun, which gleamed amidst the leafy arches, and in the foreground on many a rosy garland. For over the seats reserved for the Chevalier and his party, the loveliest flowers relieved with myrtle only, hung in rich festoons; and as a keystone to the curtained entrance below the orchestra, the Cecilia picture framed in virgin roses by Maria's hand, showed only less fair than she. At once did this flower-work form a blooming barrier between him and the general audience, and illustrate his exclusiveness by a fair if fading symbol.

The hall had begun to fill, and I was getting rather nervous about my English brother and sister, who could not sit together, however near, when they entered and found just the seats I could have chosen for them. Millicent, at the side of the chamber was just clear of the flowery division, for I gesticulated violently at her to take such place.

I felt so excited then, seeing them down there—of all persons those I should have most desired in those very spots ;—that I think I should have burst into tears, but for a sudden and fresh diversion. While I had been watching my sister and brother a murmur had begun to roll amidst the gathered throng, and just as the conductor came to the orchestra steps, at the bottom he arrested himself. The first stroke of ten had sounded from our little church, and simultaneously with that stroke the steward, bearing on his wand the blue rosette and bunch of oak-leaves, threw open the curtain of the archway under us and ushered into the appropriated space the party for whose arrival we auspiciously waited. I said Zittermayer arrested himself—he waited respectfully until they were seated, and then bowed, but did not advance to salute them further. They also bowed, and he mounted the steps.

I was enchanted at the decorum which prevailed at that moment, for as it happened it was a more satisfactory idea of homage than the most unmitigated applause, on the occasion. The perfect stillness also reigned through Cherubini's overture, not one note of which I heard, though I played as well as any somnambule, for I need scarcely say I was looking at that party, and being blessed with a

long sight I saw as well as it was possible to see all that I required to behold.

First in the line sat a lady, at once so stately and so young-looking, that I could only conjecture she was, as she was, *his* mother. A woman was she like in the outlines of her beauty to the Medicis and Colonnas, those queens of historic poesy; unlike in that beauty's aspect, which was beneficent as powerful, though I traced no trait of semblance between her and her super-terrestrial son. She sat like an empress, dressed in black, with a superb eye-glass, one star of diamonds at its rim, in her hand; but still and stately, and unsmiling as she was, she was ever turned slightly towards him who placed by her side, almost nestled into the sable satin of her raiment. He was also dressed in black this day, and held in those exquisite hands a tiny pair of gloves, which he now swung backwards and forwards in time to the movement of our orchestra, and then let fall upon the floor; when that stately mother would stoop and gather them up, and he would receive them with a flashing smile, to drop them again with inadvertence, or perhaps to slide into them his slender fingers. Hardly had I seen and known him, before I saw and recognised another close beside him. If *he* were small and sylphid, seated by

his majestic mother, how tiny was that delicate satellite of his, who was nestled as close to his side as he to her's. It was my own, my little Starwood, so happily attired in a dove-coloured dress, half frock, half coat, trimmed with silver buttons; and holding a huge nosegay in his morsels of hands. I had scarcely time to notice him after the first flush of my surprise, but it was impossible to help seeing that my pet was as happy as he could well be, and that he was quite at home.

Next Starwood was a brilliant little girl with long hair, much less than he, nursing a great doll exquisitely dressed, and again nearest the doll and the doll's mamma, I perceived a lady and a pair of gentlemen, each of whom, as to size, would have made two Seraphaels. They were all very attentive apparently, except the Chevalier, and though he was still by fits, I knew he was not attending, from the wandering, wistful gaze, now in the roof, now out at the windows, now downcast, shadowy, and anon flinging its own brightness over my soul, like a sunbeam astray from the heavens of Paradise. When at length the point in the programme, so dearly longed for, was close at hand, he slid beneath the flowery balustrade, and as noiselessly as in our English music-hall, he took the stairs, and leaned against the desk until the moment for

taking possession. Then when he entered, still so inadvertent, the applause broke out, gathering, rolling, prolonging itself, and dissolving like thunder in the mountains.

I especially enjoyed the fervent shouts of Anastase, his eye as clear as fire, his strict frame relaxed. Almost before it was over, and as if to elude further demonstrations, though he bowed with courteous calmness, Seraphael signed to us to begin. Then midst the delicious yet heart-wringing ice-tones, shone out those beaming lineaments; the same peculiar and almost painful keenness turned upon the sight the very edge of beauty. Fleeting from cheek to brow the rosy lightnings, his very heart's flushes were as the mantling of a sudden glory.

But of his restless and radiant eyes I could not bear the stressful brightness, it dimmed my sight; whether dazzled or dissolved I know not. And yet, will it be believed? affectionate, earnest, and devoted as was the demeanour of those about me, no countenance glistened except my own in that atmosphere of bliss. Perhaps I misjudge, but it appears to me that pure Genius is as unrecognisable in human form as was pure Divinity—I encroach upon such a subject no further. To feel, to feel exquisitely, is the lot of very many; it is the

charm that lends a superstitious joy to fear: but to appreciate, belongs to the few—to the one or two alone here and there, the blended passion and understanding, that constitute in its essence, worship.

I did not wonder half so much at the strong delight of the audience in the composition. How many they are who *perceive* Art as they perceive Beauty, perceive the fair in Nature, the pure in Science, but receive not that these intimate and symbolize—how much more fail in realizing the divine ideal, the soul beyond the sight, the ear.

Here, besides, there were plenty of persons weary with mediocre impressions, and the effect upon them was as the fresh sea-breeze to the weakling, or the sight of green fields after trackless deserts. I never, never can have enough—is *my* feeling when that exalted music overbrims my heart—sensation is trebled—the soul sees double—it is as if brooding on the waste of harmony the spirit met its shadow like the swan, and embraced it as itself. I do not know how the composition went, I was so lost in the author's brightness face to face; but I never knew anything go ill under his direction. The sublimity of the last movement so sudden, yet complete in its conclusion, left the audience in a trance—the spell was not broken for

a minute and a half, and then burst out a tremendous call for a repeat. But woe to those fools! thought I. It was already too late; with the mystical modesty of his nature, Seraphael had flown down-stairs, forgetting the time-stick which he held in his hand still, and which he carried with him through the archway. As soon as it was really felt he had departed, a great cry for him was set up, all in vain, and a deputation from the orchestra was instructed to depart and persuade him to return: such things were done in Germany in those days. Anastase was at the head of this select few, but returned together with them discomfited; no Seraphael being, as they asserted, to be found. Anastase announced this fact in his rare German to the impatient audience, not a few of whom were standing upright on the benches, to the end that they might make more clatter with their feet than on the firmer floor. As soon as all heard, there was a great groan, and some stray hisses sounded like the erection of a rattlesnake or two; but, upon second thoughts, the people seemed to think they should be more likely to find him if they dispersed, though what they meant to do with him when they came upon him I could not conjecture,—so vulgar did any homage appear as an offering to that fragrant soul. My dear Milli-

cent and her spouse waited patiently, though they looked about them with some curiosity till the crowd grew thin; and then, as the stately party underneath me made a move and disappeared through the same curtain that had closed over Seraphael, I darted downwards past the barrier, and climbed the intervening forms to my sister and brother. Great was my satisfaction to stand there and chatter with them; but presently Davy suggested our final departure, and I recollected to have left my fiddle in the orchestra, not even sheltered by its cradle, but where every dust could insult its face.

"Stay here," I begged them, "and I will run and put it by; I will not keep you waiting five minutes."

"Fly! my dear boy," cried Davy, "and we will wait until you return however long you stay."

I did not *mean* to stay more than five minutes, nor should I have delayed, but for my next adventure. When I came to my door, which I reached in breathless haste, lo! it was fastened within, or at least would not be pulled open. I was cross, for I was in a hurry and very curious too; so I set down my violin, to bang and push against the door. I had given it a good kick, almost enough to fracture the panel, when a voice came creeping through

that darkness, "Only wait one little moment, and don't knock me down, please!" I knew that voice, and stood stoned with delight to the spot, while the bolt slid softly back in some velvet touch, and the door was opened.

"Oh! Sir," I cried—as I saw the Chevalier, looking at that instant more like some darling child caught at its pretty mischief, than the commanding soul of myriads.—"Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon. I did not know you were here."

"I did not suppose so," he answered, laughing brightly. "I came here because I knew the way, and because I wanted to be out of the way. It is I who ought to beg *thy* pardon, Carlomein!"

"Oh, Sir! to think of your coming into my room; I shall always like to think you came. But if I had only known you were here I would not have interrupted you."

"And I, had I known thou wouldst come, should not have bolted thy door. But I was afraid of Anastase, Carlomein."

"Afraid of Anastase, Sir! of *Anastase*?" I could find no other words.

"Yes I am of Anastase even a little afraid."

"Oh Sir! don't you like him?" I exclaimed; for I remembered Maria's secret.

"My child," said the Chevalier, "he is as near

an angel as artist can be, a ministering spirit ; but yet I tell thee, I fear before him. He is so still, severe, and perfect."

Perfect !—perfect before *you* !—

I could have cried, but a restraining spell was on my soul, a spell I could not resist nor appreciate, but in whose after revelation the reason shone clear of that strange, unwonted expression in Seraphael's words. Thus, instead, I went on, "Sir, I understand why you came here, that they might not persecute you, and I don't wonder, for they are dreadfully noisy ; but Sir, they did not mean to be rude."

"It is I who have been rude, if it were such a thing at all ; but it is not ; and now let me ask after what I have not forgotten, thy health."

"Sir, I am very well, I thank you, and you, Sir?"

"I never was so well, thank God ! and yet, Carlomein, thy cheek is thinner."

"Oh, that is only because I grow so tall. My sister who is just come from England." Here I suddenly arrested myself, for my unaddress stared me in the face. He just laid his little hand on my hair, and smiled inquiringly, "Oh, tell me about thy sister."

"Sir, she said I looked so very well."

"That's good, but about her. Is she young and pretty?"

"Sir, she is a very darling sister to me, but not pretty at all, only very interesting; and she is very young to be married."

"She is married, then?" He smiled still more inquiringly.

"Yes, Sir, she is married to Mr. Davy, my musical godfather."

"I remember, and this Mr. Davy is he here too?" He left off speaking, and sat upon the side of my bed, tucking up one foot like a little boy.

"Yes, Sir."

"And now I shall ask thee a favour."

"What is that, Sir?"

"That thou wilt let me see her, and speak to her; I want to tell her what a brother she has. Not only so, to invite her; do not be shy, Carlomein! to my birthday feast."

"Oh, Sir!" I exclaimed, and, regardless of his presence, I threw myself into the very length of my bed, and covered my face.

"Now, if *thou* wilt come to my feast, is another question. I have not reached that yet."

"But please to reach it, Sir!" I cried, rendered doubly audacious by joy.

"But thou wilt have some trouble in coming; shalt thou be afraid? Not only to dance and eat sugarplums."

"It is all the better Sir, if I have something to do, I am never so comfortable as then."

"But thy sister must come to see thee. She must not meddle, nor the godpapa, either."

"Oh, Sir! Mr. Davy could not meddle; and he would rather stay with Millicent; but he does sing so beautifully."

He made no answer, but with wayward grace he started up.

"I think they are all gone. Cannot we now go? I am afraid of losing my *Queen*."

"Sir, who is she?"

"Cannot it be imagined by thee?"

"Well, Sir, I only know of *one*."

"Thou art right. A queen is only *one*, just like any other lady. Come, say thou the name, it is a virgin name, and stills the heart like solitude."

"I don't think that does still."

"Ah! thou hast found that, too!"

"Sir, you said you wished to go."

He opened the door, the lock of which he had played with as he stood, and I ran out first.

The pavilion was crowded. "Oh dear!" said Seraphael, a little piqued, "it's exceedingly hot."

Canst thou contrive to find thy friends in all this fuss? I cannot find *mine*."

"Sir, my brother and sister were to wait for me in the concert-hall; they cannot come here, you know Sir. If I knew your friends, I think I could find them, even in this crowd."

"No," answered the Chevalier, decisively, as he cast his brilliant eyes once round the room, "I know they are not here. I do not *feel* them. Carlomein I am assured they are in the garden. For one thing, they could not breathe here."

"Let us go to them to the garden."

He made way instantly, gliding through the assembly, so that they scarcely turned a head. We were soon on the grass—so fresh after the autumn rains. Crossing that green, we entered the lime-walk. The first person I saw was Anastase. He was walking lonely, and looking down, as he rarely appeared. So abstracted indeed was he, that we might have walked over him, if Seraphael had not forced me by a touch to pause, and waited until he should approach to our hand.

"See!" said the Chevalier, gleefully: "how solemn he is. No strange thing, Carlomein, that I should be afraid of him. I wonder what he is thinking of! He has quite a countenance for a picture."

But Anastase had reached us before I had time to say, as I intended, "I know of what he is thinking."

He arrested himself suddenly, with a grace that charmed from his cool demeanour, and swept off his cap involuntarily. Holding it in his hand, and raising his serious gaze, he seemed waiting for the voice of the Chevalier. But to my surprise, he had to wait several moments, during which they both regarded each other. At last Seraphael fairly laughed.

"Do you know, I had forgotten what I had to say, in contemplating you. It is what I call a musical phiz, your's."

Anastase smiled slightly, and then shut up his lips, but a sort of flush tinged his cheeks I thought.

"Perhaps Auchester, you can remind the Chevalier Seraphael."

I was so irritated at this observation, that I kicked the gravel and dust, but did not trust myself to speak.

"Oh!" exclaimed Seraphael, quickly, "it was to request of you a favour,—a favour I should not dare to ask you unless I had heard what I heard to-day, and seen what I saw."

It might have been my fancy, but it struck me

that the tones were singularly at variance with the words, here. A suppressed disdain breathed underneath his accent.

"Sir," returned Anastase, with scarcely more warmth, "it is impossible, but that I shall be ready to grant any favour in my power. I rejoice to learn that such a thing is so. I shall be much indebted if you can explain it to me at once, as I have to carry a message from Spoda to the Fräulein Cerinthia."

Spoda was Maria's master for the voice.

"Let us turn back then," exclaimed Seraphael, adroitly. "I will walk with you wherever you may be going, and tell you on the way." Seraphael's "I will" was irresistible, even to Anastase.

I suddenly remembered my relations, who would imagine I had gone to a star on speculation: it was too bad of me to have left them all that time. My impression that Seraphael had to treat at some length with my master, induced me to say, "Sir, I have left my brother and sister ever so long, I must run to them, I think."

"Run then," said the Chevalier; "thou certainly shouldst, and tell them what detained thee. But return to me, and bring them with thee."

I conceived this could not be done, and said so.

"I will come to thee then, in perhaps half an hour. But if thou canst not wait so long, go

home with thy dear friends, and I will write thee a letter."

I would have given something for a letter, it is true, but I secretly resolved to wait all day rather than not see him instead, and rather than *they* should not see him.

I ran off at full speed, and it was not until I reached the sunny lawn beyond the leafy shade, that I looked back. They were both in the distance, and beneath the flickering limes showed bright and dark as sunlight crossed the shadow. I watched them to the end of the avenue, and then raced on. It was well I did so, or I should have missed Davy and my sister, who, astonished at my prolonged absence, were just about to institute a search.

"Oh, Millicent!" I cried, as I breathlessly attained a seat in front of both their faces; "I am so sorry, but I was obliged to go with the Chevalier." And then I related how I had found him in my room.

They were much edified, and then I got into one of my agonies to know what they both thought about him. Davy, with his bright smile at noon-day, said in reply to my impassioned queries: "He certainly is, Charles, the very handsomest person I have ever seen."

"Mr. Davy! Handsome! I am quite sure you are laughing, or you would never call him handsome."

"Well, I have just given offence to my wife in the same way. It is very well for me that Millicent does not especially care for what is handsome."

"But she likes beauty, Mr. Davy; she likes whatever I like, and I know just exactly how she feels when she looks at your eyes. What very beautiful eyes yours' are, Mr. Davy! don't you think so, Millicent?"

Davy laughed so very loud that the echoes called back to him again, and Millicent said:

"He knows what I think, Charles."

"But you never told me so much, did you my love?"

"I like to hear you say 'my love' to Millicent, Mr. Davy."

"And I like to say it, Charles."

"And she likes to hear it. Now Mr. Davy, about handsome. You should not call him so, why do you? You did not at the Festival."

"Well, Charles, when I saw this wonderful being at the Festival, there was a melancholy in his expression which was, though touching, almost painful; and I do not see it any longer, but, on the contrary an exquisite sprightliness instead. He

was also thinner then, and paler—no one can wish to see him so pale: but his colour now looks like the brightest health. He certainly *is* handsome, Charles.”

“ Oh! Mr. Davy, I am sorry you think so. But he does look well; I know what you mean, and I should think that he must be very happy. But besides that, Mr. Davy, you cannot tell how often his face changes. I have seen it change, and change, till I wondered what was coming next. I suppose Mr. Davy, it is his forehead you call handsome.”

“ It is the brow of genius, and as such requires no crown. Otherwise, I should say, his air is quite royal. Does he teach here, Charles? Surely not?”

“ No Mr. Davy, but he appoints our professors. I suppose you know he chose my master, Anastase, though he is so young, to be at the head of all the violins.”

“ No Charles, it is not easy to find out what is done here, without the walls.”

“ No Mr. Davy, nor within them either. I don't know much about the Chevalier's private life, but I know he is very rich, and has no Christian name. He has done an immense deal for Cecilia. No one knows exactly how much, for he won't let

it be told, but it is because he is so rich, I suppose, that he does not give lessons. But he is to superintend our grand examinations next year."

"You told us so in your last letter, Charles," observed Millicent, and then I was entreated to relate the whole story of my first introduction to Cecilia, and of the Volkslied, to which I had only alluded—for indeed it was not a thing to write about, though of it I have sadly written!

I was in the heart of my narration, in the middle of the benches, and no doubt making a great noise, when Davy, who was in front where he could see the door motioned me to silence; I very well knew why, and obeyed him with the best possible grace.

As soon as I decently could, I turned and ran to meet the Chevalier, who was advancing almost timidly, holding little Starwood in his hand. The instant Starwood saw me coming, he left his hold, and flew into my arms; in spite of my whispered remonstrances, he *would* cling to my neck so fast, that I had to present the Chevalier while his arms were entwined about me. But no circumstance could interfere with even the slightest effect *he* was destined to produce. Standing before Davy, with his little hands folded, and his whole face grave, though his eyes sparkled, he said, "Will you come

to my birthday feast, kind friends? For we cannot be strangers with this Carl between us. My birthday is next week, and as I am growing a man, I wish to make the most of it."

"How old Sir, shall you be on your birthday?" I asked, I fear rather impertinently, but because I could not help it.

"Ten, Carlomein."

"Oh, Sir!"—we all laughed, Millicent most of all. He looked at her.

"You are a bride, Madam, and can readily understand my feelings, when I say it is rather discomposing to step into a new state. Having been a child so long, I feel it so on becoming a man, but in your case the trial is even more obvious."

Millicent now blushed with all her might, as well as laughed, Davy (to relieve her embarrassment) taking up the parable.

"And when, Sir, and where, will it be our happiness to attend you?"

"At the Glückhaus, not four miles off. It is a queer place which I bought because it suited me better than many a new one, for it is very old, but I have dressed it in new clothes. I shall hope to make Charles at home some time or other before we welcome you, that he may make you too, feel at home."

"It would be difficult Sir, to feel otherwise in your society," said Davy, with all his countenance on flame.

"I hope we shall find it so together, and that this is only the beginning of our friendship."

He held out his hand to Millicent, and then to Davy, with the most perfect adaptation to an English custom considered uncouth in Germany; Millicent looking as excited as if she were doing her part of the nuptial ceremony over again. Meantime, for I knew we must part, I whispered to Starwood—"So you are happy enough Star, I should suppose?"

"Oh, Charles! too happy. My master was very angry at first, that the Chevalier carried me away."

"He carried you away then? I thought as much. And so Aronach was angry?"

"Only for a little bit, but it didn't matter; for the Chevalier took me away in his carriage, and said to master, 'I'll send you a rainbow, when the storm is over.' And oh! Charles; I practise four hours at a time now, and it never tires me in the least. I shall never play like *him*, but I mean to be his shadow."

I loved my little friend for this.

'Oh! Charles; I am so glad you are coming to

his birthday. Oh, Charles! I wish I could tell you everything all in a minute, but I can't."

"Never mind about that, for if you are happy it is all clear to me. Only one thing, Star. Tell me what I have got to do on this birthday."

"Charles, it's the silver wedding, don't you know?"

"What, is he going to be married?"

"Who, Carlomein? Starwood won't tell!" said the Chevalier, turning sharply upon me, and bending his eyes till he seemed to peep through the lashes. "He knows all about it, but he won't tell. Wilt thou, my shadow? By the by, there is a better word in English, 'chum,' but we must not talk slang, at least not till we grow up. As for thee Carlomein, Anastase will enlighten thee, and thou shalt not be blinded in that operation, I promise thee. 'Tis nothing very tremendous."

"Charles, I think we detain the Chevalier," observed Davy, ever anxious, and this time I thought so too.

"That would be impossible, after my detaining *you*; but I think I must find my mother, she will certainly think I have taken a walk to the moon. Come, Sterne! or wilt thou leave me in the lurch for that Carl of thine."

"Oh, I beg pardon, Sir, please let me come, too." And I dearly longed to "come too," when I saw them leave the Hall, hand in hand.

"Now Charles, we will carry you off, and give you some dinner."

"I don't want any dinner, Mr. Davy, I must go to Anastase."

"I knew he was going to say so !" said Millicent, "but Charles, duty calls first, and if you don't dine we shall have you ill."

"I don't know whether I may go to the inn."

"Oh yes ! Lenhart obtained leave of absence at meals for you as long as we are here."

"Oh ! by the by Millicent, you said you had only come for one week."

"But, Charles, we may never have such another opportunity."

"Yes," added Davy, "I would willingly *starve* a month or two for the sake of this feast."

"Bravo, Mr. Davy. But then, Millicent."

"Oh, Millicent, she shall starve along with me." We all laughed, and as we walked out of the courtyard into the bright country, he continued :

"You know Charles, I suppose, what is to be done, musically, at this birthday."

"No Mr. Davy, not in the least, and it is

because I did not that I refused my dinner. After dinner though I shall go and call on Maria Cerinthia and make her tell me."

"A beautiful name, Charles; is she a favourite of yours?"

"She is the most wonderful person I ever saw or dreamt of, Millicent; she does treat me very kindly, but she is above all of us except the Chevalier."

"Is she such a celebrated singer then?"

"She is only fifteen, but then she seems older than you are, she is so lofty and yet so full of lightness."

"A very good description of the Chevalier himself, Charles."

"Yes, Mr. Davy, and the Chevalier too treats her in a very high manner, I mean as if he held her to be very high."

"Is she at the school too?"

"She only attends for her lessons; she lives in the town with her brother, who teaches here himself, and her little sister. They are orphans, and so fond of one another."

I was just about to say, she is to marry Anastase, but as I had not received general permission to open out upon the subject, I forbore. We dined at our little inn, and then, after depo-

sitting Davy by the side of Millicent who was reposing, for he tended her like some choice cutting from the Garden of Eden, I set out on my special errand. On mounting the stairs; to Maria's room, I took the precaution to listen, there were no voices to be heard just then, and I knocked, was admitted, and entered. In the bright chamber I found my dread young master, certainly in the very best company; for Josephine was half lost in leaning out of the window, and side by side sate Anastase and Maria. I did not expect to see him in the least, and felt inclined to effect a retreat, when she, without turning her eyes, which were shining full upon his face, stretched out both her lovely hands to me; and Anastase even said, "Do not go Auchester, for we had, perhaps, better consult together."

"Yes, oh yes, there is room here Carlino, sit by me."

But having spoken thus, she opened not her lips again, and seemed to wait upon his silence. I took the seat beside her, she was between us; and I felt as one feels when one stands in a flower-garden in the dusk of night, for her spiritual presence as fragrance spelled me, and the mystery of her passion made its outward form as darkness. Her white dress was still folded round her, and her

hair was still unruffled, but she was leaning back, and I perceived, for the first time, that his arm was round her ;—the slender fingers of his listless hand rested upon the shoulder near me, and they seemed far too much at ease to trifle even with the glorious hair, silk-drooping its braids within his reach. *He* leaned forwards, and looked from one to the other of us, his blue eyes all tearless and unperturbed ; but there was a stirred blush upon his cheeks, especially the one at her side ; and so deep it burned, that I could but fancy her lips had lately left their seal upon it, a rose-leaf kiss. Such a whirl of excitement this fancy raised around me, (I hope I was not preternatural either), that I could scarcely attend to what was going on.

“The Chevalier Seraphael,” said Anastase, in his stilly voice, “has been writing a two-act piece to perform at this birthnight feast, which is in honour, not so much of his own nativity, as of his parents’ arriving just that day, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of their nuptials. He was born in the fifth year of their marriage, and upon their marriage-day. We have not too much time to work (but a week), as I made bold to tell him, but it appears this little work suggested itself to him suddenly, in his sleep, as he says. It is a fairy libretto, and I should imagine of first-rate attrac-

tion. This is the score, and as it is only in manuscript, I need not say all our care is required to preserve it just as it now is. Your part Auchester, will be sufficiently obvious, when you look it over with the Fräulein Cerinthia, as she is good enough to permit you to do so ; but you had better not look at it at all until that time."

"But Sir, she can't undertake to perfect me in the fiddle-part, can she?"

"She could, I have no doubt, were it necessary," said Anastase, not satirically but seriously ; "but it just happens you are not to play."

"Not to play ! then what on earth am I to do ? Sing?"

"Just so,—sing."

"Oh, how exquisite ! but I have not sung for ever so long. In a chorus, I suppose, Sir?"

"By no means. You see Auchester, *I* don't know your vocal powers, and may not do you justice ; but the Chevalier is pleased to prefer them to all others for this special part."

"But I never sang to him."

"He has a prepossession, I suppose. At all events, it will be rather a ticklish position for you, as you are to exhibit yourself and your voice, in counterpart to the person who takes the precedence of all others, in songful and personal gifts."

“Sir,”—I was astonished, for his still voice thrilled with the slightest tremble, and I knew he meant Maria,—“I am not fit to sing with her, or to stand by her, I know; but I think, perhaps, I could manage better than most other people, for most persons would be thinking of their own voices, and how to set them off against *her's*,—now I shall only think how to keep my voice down, so that her's may sound above it, and everybody may listen to it, rather than to mine.”

Maria looked continually in her lap, but her lips moved. “Will you not love him, Florimond?” she whispered, and something more, but I only heard this.

“I could well, Maria, if I had any love left to bestow, but you know how it is. I am not surprised at Charles's worship.”

It was the first time he had called me Charles, and I liked it very well—him, better than ever.

“I suppose Sir I *may* have a look at the score, though?”

“No, you may not,” said Maria, “for I don't mean we should use this copy. I shall write it all out, first.”

“But that will be useless,” answered Anastase; “he made that copy for us.”

“I beg your pardon, I took care to ask him,

and he has only written out the parts for the instruments. He thinks nothing of throwing about his writing, but it shall be preserved for all that."

"And how do you mean to achieve this copy?" demanded Anastase, "When will it be written?"

"It will be ready to-morrow morning."

"Fräulein Cerinthia!" I cried, aghast, "you are not going to sit up all night?"

"No, she is not," returned Anastase, coolly, and he left the sofa, and walked to the table in the window, where it lay—a green bound oblong volume, of no slight thickness. "I take this home with me Maria, and you will not see it until to-morrow at recreation time, when I will arrange for Auchester to join you, and you shall do what you can together."

"Thanks, Sir! but surely you won't sit up all night."

"No, I shall not, nor will a copy be made. In the first place, it will not be proper to make a copy—leave has not been given, and it cannot be thought of without leave; did you not know that, Maria? No, I shall not sit up; I am too well off, and far too selfish, too considerate perhaps, besides, to wish to be ill."

Maria bore this as if she were thinking of something else, namely, Florimond's forehead, on which

she had fixed her eyes ; and truly, as he stood in the full light which so few contours pass into without detriment, it looked like lambent pearl beneath the golden shadow of his calm brown hair.

My hand was on the back of the sofa ; she caught it suddenly in her own, and pressed it, as if stirred to commotion by agony of bliss, and at the same moment, yet looking on him, she said, " I wonder whether the Chevalier had so many fine reasons, when he chose somebody to administer the leadership, or, whether he did it, simply, because there was no better to be had ?"

He smiled, still looking at the book which he had safely imprisoned between his two arms. " Most likely, in all simplicity. But a leader, even of an orchestra, under *his* direction, is not a fairy queen."

" Is Herr Anastase to lead the violins, then ? How glorious !" I said to Maria.

" I knew you would say so. What then can go wrong ?"

" And now I know what the Chevalier meant, when he said, ' I must go find my queen.' You are to be Titania."

" They say so. You shall hear all to-morrow : I have not thought about it, for when Florimond

brought me home, I was thinking of something else."

"He brought you home, then?"

"And told me on the way. But he had to tell me all over again, when we came upstairs."

"But about the rehearsals?"

"We shall rehearse here, in this very room, and also with the orchestra at a room in the village where the Chevalier will meet us: for he has his parents staying with him, and they are to know nothing that is to happen."

"I wish I could begin to study it to-night. I am so dreadfully out of voice since I had my violin; I have never sung at all, indeed, except on Sundays, and then one does not hear one's self sing at all."

"It is of no consequence, for the Chevalier told us your master, Aronach, told him that your voice was like your violin, but that it would not do to tell you so, because you might lose it, and your violin, once gained, you could never lose."

"That is true; but how very kind of him to say so! He need not have been afraid though, for all I am so fond of singing. Perhaps he was afraid of making me vain."

Anastase caught me up quickly: "Carl! do not

speaking nonsense. No musicians are vain ; no true artists, ever so young ; they could no more be vain, than the angels of the Most High !”

“ Well said, Florimond !” cried Maria, in a moment : “ but it strikes me that many a false artist, fallen angel-like, indulges in that propensity ; so that it is best to guard against the possibility of being suspected, by announcing, with free tongues, the pride we have in our art.”

“ That is better to be announced by free fingers, or a voice like thine, than by tongues, however free, for even the false prophet can prate of truth.”

I perceived now the turn they were taking, so I said, “ And do miracles in the name of music, too Sir, can’t they ? like Marc Iskar, who, I know is not a true artist, for all that.”

Anastase raised his brows. “ True artists avoid personalities. That is the reason why we should use our hands instead of our tongues. Play a false artist down by the interpretation of true music ; but never cavil, out of music, about what is false and true.”

“ Florimond, that is worthy to be your creed ! you have mastery, we are only children.”

“ And children always chatter, I remember that ; but it is perhaps scarcely fair to blame those who own the power of expression for using it, when we

feel our own tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth."

So generous, too! I thought, and the thought fastened on me. I felt more than ever satisfied that all should remain as it was between them.

CHAPTER X.

THE day had come—the evening—an early evening, for entertainments are early in Germany, or were so in my German days. The band had preceded us, and we four drove alone; Maria shrouded in her mantilla which she had never abandoned; little Josephine, Anastase, and myself. Lumberingly enough under any other circumstances, on this occasion as if in an aerial car. Dark glitter fell from pine-groves, the sun called out the green fields, the wild flowers looked enchanted; but for quite two hours we met no one and saw nothing that reminded us of our destination. At length, issuing from a valley haunted by the oldest trees, and opening upon the freest upland, we beheld an ancient house all gabled, pine-darkened also from behind, but with torrents of flowers in front sweep-

ing its windows, and trailing heavily upon the stone of the illustrated gateway. A new made lawn, itself more moss than grass, was also islanded with flowers in a thick mosaic ; almost English in taste and keeping, was this garden-land. I had expected something of the kind from the allusion of the Chevalier, but it was evident much had been done, more than any could have done but himself, to mask in such loveliness that grey seclusion. The gateway was already studded with bright-hued lamps unlighted, hung amongst the swinging garlands, and as we entered we were smitten through and through with the festal fragrance. In the entrance hall I grew bewildered, and only desired to keep as near to Anastase and Maria as possible. Here we were left a few minutes, as it were alone, and while I was expecting a special retainer to lead us again thence, as in England, the curtain of a somewhat obscure archway at the end of the space was thrust aside, and a little hand beckoned us instantaneously forwards. Forwards we all flew, and I was the first to sunder the folded damask, and stand clear of the mystery. As I passed beneath it, and felt who stood so near me, I was subdued, and not the less when I discovered where I stood. It was in a little theatre, real and sound, but of design rare as if raised within an Oriental

dream. We entered at the side of the stage ; before us, tier above tier, stretched tiny boxes with a single chair in each, and over each, festooned, a curtain of softest rose-colour met another of softest blue. The central chandelier, as yet unlighted, hung like a gigantic dewdrop from a grove of oak-branches, and the workmen were yet nailing long green wreaths from front to front of the nest-like boxes. Seraphael had been directing, and he led us onwards to the centre of the house.

“How exquisite !”—“how dream-like !”—“how fairy !” broke from one and another ; but I was quite in a maze at present, and in mortal fear of forgetting my part. The Chevalier, in complete undress, was pale and restless ; still to us all he seemed to cling, passing amidst us confidently, as a fearful and shy-smitten child. I thought I understood this mood, but was not prepared for its sudden alteration. For he called to some one behind the curtain, and the curtain rose—rose upon the empty theatre with the scenery complete for the first act. And then the soul of all that scenery, the light of the fairy life, flashed back into his eyes, elfin-like in his jubilation he clapped those little hands. Our satisfaction charmed him, but I must not anticipate. Letting the curtain again fall, he preceded us to the back of the scenery ; and I will

not, because I cannot in conscience, reveal what took place in that seclusion for artists great and small—sacred itself to art, and upon which no one dwells who is pressing onwards to the demonstration, ever so reduced and concentrated, of art in its highest form.

At seven o'clock the curtain finally rose. It rose upon that tiny theatre crowded now with clustering faces; upon the chandelier all glittering, like a sphere of water with a soul of fire: the lingering day-beams shut out and shaded by a leaf-like screen. Out of all precedent the curtain rose, not even upon the overture; for as yet not a note had sounded since the orchestra was tuned, before the theatre filled. It rose upon a hedge of mingled green and silver, densely tangled leafage, and a burst of moon-colourless flowers, veiling every player from view, and hiding every instrument of the silent throng, who with arm and bow uplifted, awaited the magic summons. But by all the names of magic, how arose that flower-tower in the midst? For raised above the screen of sylvan symbol was a turret of roots, entwisted as one sees in old oaks that interlace their gnarled arms, facing the audience, and also in sight of the orchestra: and this wild nest was clad with silver lilies, twice the size of life, whose drooping buds

made a coronal of the margin where the turret edged into the air. And in the turret, azure-robed, glitter-winged;—those wings sweeping the folded lilies as with the lustrous shadow of their light—stood our Ariel, the Ariel of our imaginations, the Ariel of that haunted music, yet unspelled from the silent strings and pipes!

We, behind, among the rocks—those gently painted rocks that faded into a heavenly distance—could only glimpse that delicate form, hovering amidst up-climbing lilies; those silver-shadowy plumes: that glorious face was shining into the light of the theatre itself, and we waited for his voice to reassure us. We need not have feared, even Maria and I; I was quivering and shuddering, but yet she did not sigh, her confidence was too unshaken; albeit in such a trying position, so minutely critical to maintain, did author perhaps never appear. In an instant, as the first soft blaze had broken on the world in front, did our Ariel raise his wand—no longer *like* the stem of a lily, but a lily-stem itself, all set with silver leaves, and whose crowning blossom sparkled with silver frostwork. He raised it, but not yet again let it sweep, descending downwards; on the contrary, he clasped it in his roseate liliated fingers, and all amidst the great white buds, that made him shrink

to elfin clearness ; he began in a voice that might have been the soul of that charmed orchestra, to recite the little prologue, which may thus be rendered into English.

Awhile ago, a long bright while, I dwelt
In that old island with my Prospero.
He gave, not lent me, Freedom—which I fed
Sometime on spicy airs that heavenward roll,
From flowers that wing their spirits to the stars,
And scented shade that droppeth fruit or balm.
But soon a change smote through me, and I fell
Weary of stillness in the wide blue day,
Weary of breathless beauty, where the rose
Of sunset flushes with no fragrant sigh :
For that my soul was native with the spheres
Where music makes an everlasting morn.—
All music in that ancient isle was mine
That pulsed the air, or floated on the calm ;
Old music veiled in the bemoaning breeze,
Or whispering kisses to the yearning sea
Where foam upblown spray'd with its liquid stars
My plumes for all their dim cerulean grain.
From age to age the lonely Tones I stored
In crystal deeps of unheard memory—
Froze them with virgin cold fast to the cups
Of wavering lilies—bade the roses bind
The orbéd harmonies in burning rest—
Thrilled with that dread elixir, dreaming song,
The veins of violets—made the green gloom
Of myrtle leaves hush the sounds intricate—
Charged the deep cedars with all mourning chords.—
And having wide and far diffused my wealth—

Safe garnered, spelled—unknown of reasoning men—
I long to summon it, to disenchant
My most melodious treasure breathless hid
In bell and blade, in blossom-blush and buds,
And mystic verdure, the soft shade of rest.
Methinks in this wild wood, this home of flowers,
My harmonies are clustered, yea, I feel
The voiceless silence stir with voiceful awe,
I feel the fanning of a thousand airs
That will not be repressed, that crave to wake
In resurrection of Tone infinite
From the trance'd beauty, her divinest death.
Arise my Spirits! wake my slumbering Spells!
Dawn on the dreamland of these alien dells!

As the last words died away, pronounced alike with the rest in accents so peculiar, yet so pure; so soft, yet so unshaken; he swept the stem of lilies around his brow. The frosted flower flashed shudderingly against the lamplight, and with its motion without a pause, opened the overture, as by those words themselves invoked and magically won from the abyss of sylvan silence. Three long, longing sighs from the unseen wind instruments, in withering notes, prepared the brain for the rush of fairy melody that was as the subtlest essences of thought and fragrance enfranchised. The elfin progression, prestissimo, of the subject, was scarcely realized as the full suggestion dawned of the leafy shivering it portrayed. The violins, their splen-

dours concentrated like the rainbows of the dew-drops, seemed but the veiling voices for that ideal strain to filter through ; and yet, when the horns spoke out, a blaze of golden notes, one felt the deeper glory of the strings to be more than ever quenchless as they returned to that ever-pulsing flow. Accumulating in orchestral richness, as if flower after flower of music were unsheathing to the sun ; no words, no expression self-agonized to caricature can describe that fairy overture. I am only reverting to the feeling, the passion, it suggested ; not to its existent art and actual interpretation.

Its dissolution not immediate, but at its fullest stream subsiding, ebbing ; seemed, instead of breaking up and scattering the ideal impression received, to retain it and expand it in itself through another transition of ecstasy into a musical state beyond. During the ethereal modulations, by a sudden illumination of the stage, the scenery behind uncurtained all along, started into light. Still beneath the leafy cloud by mystic management, the hidden band reposed ; but before the audience a sylvan dream had spread. The time was sunset, and upon those hills I spoke of it seemed to blush and burn, still leaving the foreground distinct in a sort of pearly shadow. That foreground was masked

in verdure, itself precipitous with descending sides clothed thick with shrubs that lifted their red bells clear to the crimson beams behind, and shelving into a bed of enormous leaves of black-green growth, such as one sometimes comes upon in the very core of the forest. Beneath those leaves we nestled, Maria and I ; I can only speak of what I felt and others saw ; not of that which any of us heard. For simultaneously with the blissful modulation into the key-note of the primeval strain, we began our part side by side unseen. It was a duet for Titania and Oberon, the alto being mine, the mezzo-soprano hers ; and it was to be treated with the most distant softness. The excitement had overpassed its crisis with me, and no calm could have been more trance-like than that of both our voices, so far fulfilling his aspiration ; which conceived for that effect all the passionless serenity of a nature devoid of pain—the prerogative of a Fairy Life alone.

Ariel ! we hear thee ;
Slumbering, dreaming, near thee.
Bursting from control
As from death the soul—
From the bud the flower—
From the will the power—
Risen, by the spell
Thou alone can'st quell,
Hear we, Ariel,

Ariel ! we feel thee.
Music, to reveal thee,
Drowns, as dawn the night,
Us in thy delight.
We, immortal, own
Thee supreme alone.
Strongest, in the spell
Thou can'st raise or quell,
Feel we, Ariel !

And Maria shook the leaves above her spreading, and waving aside the broad green fans, stood out to the audience as a freshly blossomed Idea from the shadow of a Poet's dream. For here had Music and Poetry met together ; here even as righteousness and peace had embraced, heaven-sent and spiritual ; nor was there aught of earth in that Fancy-Hour. I was nearest her, and supported her with my arm ; her floating scarf, transparent, spangled, fell upon my own rose-hued mantle, which blushed through its lucid mist. Her hair trembling with water-like gems clothed her to the very knees ; her cheek was white as her streaming robe, but her eye was as a midnight moon, bright yet lambent ; and while she sang she looked at Anastase as he stood a little above the others in the band ; and appeared to have eyes for his violin alone. The next movement was a fairy march, pianissimo ; a rustling gathering accom-

paniment that muffled a measure delicate as precise: it was as for the marshalling of troops of fairies, who, by the shifting of the scenery appeared clustering to the stems of the red foxgloves, that bent not beneath that fragile weight. And as the march waned ravishingly, another verse arose for the duet we sang,

Ariel! behold us
In thy strains enfold us
Minding but that we
Ministrant may be—
On thy freak or sport
Waits our fairy court—
Mortals cannot tell
How to cross thy spell
Nor we, Ariel!

And Ariel lifted the lily-wand, and silence awaited his reply. Still while he spoke in that recitative so singularly contrasting with the voice of any song, might be heard weird snatches from the veiled orchestra, as if music fainted from delight of him, strange sounds indeed, now sigh, now sob, that broke against his unfaltering accents, yet disturbed them not.

Friends! royal darlings of mine anciept age!
Welcome, right welcome, in the realm of sound
To majesty and honour! sooth to say
Long time I languished for your presences

That nothing save our Music seeks and finds,
Though Poesy seeks to find and has not met
As we through might of Music, face to face.
Your potence is my boon, I bid it work
With mine own spells, in soul-like eager flame
To flash about my spirit and make Day,
Till as in times of old, we shine as one.—
Far in those undulating vales apart
A castle lifts its glittering ghostly hue.
In those calm walls that years spare tenderly
Dwelleth the rival Soul of Faërie
And Music, one whose very name is spell
Immutable—for that fixed name is Love.
And Love holds yonder his best festal rite
This evening when the moontime draweth nigh.—
Twain Souls love there, and meet ; but not as cleft
By late long parting—they have met and loved
Years upon years since youth, none ever loved
So long as they unparted, unappalled,
Save my Titania and her Oberon !
For twenty-five their one-like summers count
Since the dim rapture of the bridal dream.
Such among Mortals jubilant they call
The silver Wedding—rare and purer crown
Than the wreathed myrtle of the marriage morn.—
All that is rare and pure is of our own ;
Our elements mix gladly into joy :
But chiefly Love is our own atmosphere,
And chiefly those who love our pensioners
Remain—for where unsullied Love remains
Doth Faërie consecrate its festal strains.

The curtain fell on the first act as Ariel finished speaking. Again rising, the scene indeed had

changed. The grey castle immediately fronted the audience, its buttresses glistening in the perfect moonlight; the full languid orb itself divided by the dark edge of a tower. The many windows shone ruby with the gleam inside that seemed ready to pour through the very stonework; and on the ground floor especially, the radiance was as if sun-lamps blazed within. And amidst the blaze, scarcely softened by the outer silver shine, rose the exciting, exhilarating burden of an exquisite dance measure, brilliant, almost delirious; albeit distance-clouded, as it issued from another band behind the stage. The long straight alleys of moon-bathed lindens to which the waltz-whirlwind floated, parted on either hand, and left a smooth expanse of lawn now white heaving like a moon-kissed sea, and as soon as the measure had passed into its glad refrain, two little Loves struck from the lime avenues to the lawn, directly before the ball-room. I call them Loves, but they were anything but Cupids, for they were mystical little creatures enough and in the prevailing moonlight showed like bright birds of blushing plumage, as they each carried a roseate torch of tinted flame that made their small bodies look much like flame themselves. They were no others than Josephine and my own Starwood, but it would have been impossible to

recognize them, unprepared. As they stood they paused an instant, and then flung the torches high into the air against the side of the castle ; and as the rose-flame kissed the moonbeams upon the walls, it was extinguished, but the whole building burst into an illumination, entirely of silver lamps ; calm, not corruscant : translucent, streaming ; itself like concentrated moonshine, or the light of the very lilies. And with the light that drank up into itself the rose-radiance ; our Ariel with the silvered hedge, the lilies, the shine, the shimmer, swelled upon the vision in softest swiftness ; and Ariel leaning upon his nest seemed listening to the dance symphonies afar.

Soon a great shout arose, no elfin call, but a cry of wonder-stricken earthlings. And then the hall front opened, a massy portal that rolled back, and out of the ball-room amidst the diminishing dance-song, poured the dancers upon the lawn in ranks, their fluttering airy dresses passing into the silver-light like clouds. And as they streamed forth, there broke a delicate peal of laughter in response to the wondering shout, accompanied by the top-notes of the violins, vividly piano ; then Ariel arose, and himself addressed the multitude. Sharp sweet notes in unison, intermitted this time with his words, but ceased when he turned to his fairy

troop, and incited them to do homage to the name of Love. Nor do I even essay to describe our feats subsequently, which might in their relation tend to deteriorate from the conviction that the illustrated music was all in all, not their companion, but their element and creator.

Except that in the last scene, after exhibiting every kind of charm that can co-exist with scenic transition; the portraits of the father and mother in whose honour the Fairydom had united, appeared framed in an archway of lilies with their leaves of silver, painted with such skill that the imagery almost issued from the canvas: and while Titania and Oberon supported the lustrous framework on either hand, themselves all shivering with the silver radiance, on either hand to form a vista from which the gazers caught the picture, rose trees of giant harebells, all silver—white as if veined with moonshine, and the attendant fairies springing winged from their roots, shook them until the tremulous silver shudder was as it were itself a sound—for as they quivered, or seemed to quiver, did the final chorus in praise of wedded Love, rise chime upon chime from the fairy voices, and the rapt Elysian orchestra.

“All that’s bright must fade.” This passionate proverb is trite and travestied enough, but neither

in its interpretation of necessity irrelevant or grotesque. I do not envy those who would strangle melancholy as it is born into the soul, and again to quote, though from a source far higher and less investigated—"there are woes, ill bartered for the garishness of joy." Such troubles we may not christen in the name of sorrow; for sorrow concerns our personality, and in these we agonize for others, not a thought of self intrudes; we only feel and know that we can do nothing, and are silent.

At this distance of time, with the mists of boyish inexperience upon my memory of myself, I can only advert to the issues of that evening as they appeared. As they are, they can only be read where all things tell, where nothing that has happened shall be in vain; where mystery is eternal light. How strangely I recall the smothered sound, the long-repressed shout of rapture, that soared and pierced through the fallen and folded curtain!—the eminent oblivion of everything but him for whom it was uttered, or rather, kept back. For the music bewitched them still, and they could no more realize their position in front, even among the garlanded tiers, than we behind, stumbling into regions of lampless chaos.

I felt I must faint if I could not retreat, and as instinctively, I had sought for Maria's hand; I

found it and it saved me, for though I could not hear her speak I knew she was leading me away. I had closed my eyes, and when I opened them we were together again in the little dressing-room that had been devoted to us alone, and in which we had robed and waited.

"Oh Carlino!" said Maria, "I hope no one is coming, for I feel I must cry."

"Do not, pray!" I cried, for her paleness frightened me, "but let me help you to undress. I can do that, though I could not dress you, as the Chevalier seemed to think."

For the Chevalier had slyly entered beforehand, and had himself invested her with the glittering costume. I was still in a dream of those elfin hands as they had sleeked the plumes and soothed the spangled undulations of the scarf, and I could not bear her to be denuded of them, they had become so natural now. I had stripped off my own roseate mantle, and all the rest, in a moment; and had my own coat on before she had moved from the chair into which she had flung herself, or I had considered what was to be done next. I was running my fingers through my hair, somewhat distraught in fancy, when some one knocked at the door. I went to it, and beheld, as I expected,

our Ariel; *unarielized* yet, except that he had doffed his wings.

"Is she tired?" he whispered softly—"is she very tired?"—and without even looking at me he passed in, and stood before her.

"Thank you for all your goodness!" said he, in the tenderest of all his voices, no longer cold, but as if fanned by the same fire that had scorched his delicate cheek to a hectic like the rose fresh open to the sun.

"And you, Sir, oh you!" Maria exclaimed with enthusiasm, lifting her eyes from all that cloud of hair, as twin starbeams from the dark of night—"Oh your music! your music!—it is of all that is the most divine, and nothing ever has been or shall be to excel it. It breaks the heart with beauty; it is for the soul that seeks and comprehends it, all in all. And will you not, as you even promised, reform the Drama?"

"If it yet remains to me, after all is known. That I cannot yet discern—infant germ of all my Art's dread children!—inspiration demands thee only!"—He checked himself, but as naturally as if no deep insufferable sentiment had imbued his words;—his caressing calm retuned. "I did not come for a compliment; I came to help you. Also

to bring you some pretty ice, made in a mould like a little bird in a little nest—but I will not give it you now, because you are too warm.” He was smiling now, as he glanced downwards at the crystal plate he held.

“I am not warm,” she answered very indifferently, still with grateful intention,—“and I should like some ice better than anything, if you are so kind as to give it me.”

“Let me feed you, then !” was his sweet reply, and she made no resistance. And he fed her, spoonful by spoonful—presenting her with morsels so fairy, that I felt he prolonged the opportunity vaguely, and almost wondered why. Before it was over another knock came, very impatient for so cool a hand, as it was that of Anastase himself. However, there was no exhilaration of manner on his part, one should not have thought he had just been playing the violin.

“They are all inquiring for you, Sir,” he said, very respectfully, to Seraphael, “your name is calling through and through the theatre.”

“I dare say,” replied the Chevalier, lightly, daringly; but he made no show of moving, though Maria had finished the ice-bird, and last straw of the nest. Then Anastase approached. “That weight of hair will tire you, let me fasten it up

for you Maria, and then we need detain no one, for Carl I see is ready." A change came upon the Chevalier, as if ice had passed upon his cheek, he paled,—he turned proud to the very topmost steep of his shadeless brow, he laughed coldly, but airily. "Oh, if that is it, and you want to get rid of us, Carl and I will go. Come Carlomein, for we are both of us in the way: but I will say, it is the first time any one ever dared to interfere between the queen and her chosen consort."

"It would be impossible," said Anastase, with still politeness, "that you should be in the way, that is our case indeed; but Maria, as *Maria*, would certainly not detain you."

"Maria, as Maria, would have said, you are too good, Sir, to notice the least of your servants, too good to have come and stayed, but,"—she added, looking at Anastase with her most enchanting sweetness, a smile like love itself, "*he* will always have it, that I am content he should do everything for me." I was astonished, for nothing, except the seasonable excitement, could have drawn forth such demonstration from her before the Chevalier. He was not looking at her; he looked at me, vividly: I could not bear his eyes, simultaneously with Maria's words he had so allured my own, though I longed to gaze away.

“Come!”—he continued, holding his hand to me—“Come ! Carlomein ” I took his hand, he grasped me as if those elfin fingers were charged with lightning,—I shook and trembled, even outwardly, but he drew me on with that convulsive pressure never heeding, and holding his head so high, that the curls fell backwards from the forehead. We passed to the stage ; he led me behind the stage, deserted, dim, to another door behind that opened by waving drapery to the garden-land,—he led me in the air round the outside of the temporary theatre to the main front of the house, to the entrance through the hall, swiftly, silently—up the stairs into the corridor, and so to a chamber I had never known nor entered. I saw nothing that was in the room, and generally I see everything ; I believe there were books, I feel there was an organ, and I heard it a long time afterwards ; but I was only conscious this night that then I was with him, shut up and closed together with his awful presence, in the travail of presentiment.

He had placed me on a seat and he sate by me, still holding my hand, but his own was now relaxed and soft, the fingers cold as if benumbed.

“Carlomein,” he said, “I have always loved

you, as you know ; but I little thought it would be for this."

"How, Sir?—why? I am frightened, for you look so strange, and speak so strangely, and I feel as if I were going to die."

"I wish we both were! but do not be frightened—ah! that is only excitement, my darling; you will let me call you so to-night."

"Let you, dear, dearest Sir! You have always been my darling; but I am too weak and young to be of any use to you, and that is why I wish to die."

"My child, if thou wert strong and manly, how could I confide in thee? Yet, God forgive me! if I show this little one too much, too early."

His eyes wore here an expression so divine, so little earthly, that I turned away, still folding his hand which I bathed in tears that fell shiveringly from my dull heart like rain from a sultry sky. It was the tone that pierced me, for I knew not what he meant, or only had a dream of perceiving *how much*.

"Sir, you could not tell me too much. You have taught me all I know already, and I don't intend ever to learn of anybody else."

"My child, it is God who taught thee; it is something thou hast to teach *me* now."

"Sir, is it anything about myself?" I chose to say so, but did not think it.

"No, about some one those eyes of thine do love to watch and wait on, so that sometimes I am almost jealous of thine eyes! But it cannot be a hardened jealousy while they are so baby-kind."

"It is Maria then, Sir, of course. But they are not babies, my eyes I mean; for they know all about her, and so do I. I know why sometimes she seems looking through us instead of at us; it is because she is seeing other eyes in her soul, and our eyes are only just eyes to her and nothing else; you know what I mean, Sir?"

I said all this because I had an instinctive dread of his self-betrayal beyond what was needed; alas! I had not even curiosity left. But I was mistaken in him, so far. He leaned forwards, stroked my hair and kissed it.

"Whose eyes, then, Carlomein?"

"My master Anastase is that person whose eyes I mean."

"Impossible!—But I was wrong to ask thee;—assuredly thou art an infant, and couldst even make me smile. That is a fancy only. Not Anastase, my child!—any one but Anastase."

What anguish curled beneath those coaxing tones!

“Sir, I know nothing about it, except that it is true. But that it is true I *do* know, for Maria told me so herself; and they will be married as soon as she is educated.” I trembled as I spoke in sore dismay, for the truth was born to me that moment in a flash of misery, and all I could feel was what I was fool enough to say—“Oh! that I were Maria.” He turned to me in an instant; made a sort of motion with both his arms like wings, having released the hand I held. I looked up now and saw that a more awful paleness, a virgin shadow appalling as that of death, had fixed his features. I threw myself into his arms: he was very still, mute, all gentleness. I kissed the glistening dress, the spangled sleeves; he moved not—murmured not. At last my tears would flow, they rushed, they scalded; I called out of the midst of them, and heard that my own voice, child as I was, fell hollow through my hot lips.

“Oh, let my heart burst! do let me break my heart!” I sobbed, and a shiver seemed to spread from my frame to his; he brought me closer to his breast, and bowed his soft curls till they were wet with my wild weeping through and through. It heaved not—no passion swelled the pulses of that heart, still he shivered as if his

breath were passing. In many many minutes, I heard his voice. It was a voice all tremble, like a harp-string jarred and breaking. "Carlomein! you will ever be dearer to me than I can say from this night; for you have seen sorrow no man should have seen, and no woman could have suffered. You know what I wished—yet perhaps not yet, how should you? Carlomein, when you become a man I hope you will love me as you do now, when you know what I do feel, what I do wish. May you never despise suffering, for my sake! May you never suffer as I do! You *only* could. I know no one else, poor child! God take you first, before you suffer so. You see the worst of it is, Carlomein, that we need not have suffered at all, if I had only known it from the beginning. But it is very strange, is it not?" He spoke as if inviting me to question him.

"What, dearest Sir?"

"That she should not love me. How could she help it?"

Of all his words, few as they were indeed, these touched me most. I felt indeed, how could she help it? But I was, child as I was, too wise to say so.

"You see, Sir, she could not help loving Anastase!"

"Nor could I help loving her, nor can I; but the sorrow is Carlomein, that neither on earth nor in heaven will she wish to be mine."

"Sir!—In heaven it won't matter whether she married Anastase or not, for if she were perfect here she could but love you, and *there* she will be perfect and will understand you, Sir."

"Sweet religion, if true. Sweet philosophy—false as pleasant."

"But Sir, you will not be unhappy, because it is of no use, and besides she will find it out, and you would not like that. And you will not break your heart, Sir, because of music."

"I should never break my heart, Carlchen, under any earthly circumstances." He smiled upon me indifferently; a pure disdain chiselled every feature in that attitude. "There is now no more to be said. I need scarcely say, my child, never speak of this! but I *will* command you to forget it—as I forget—have already forgotten."

He rose, and passed his hand with weary grace over the curls that had fallen forwards, and then he took me by the hand and we went out together, I knew not whither.

I returned that night with my brother and sister to Cecilia. I never had taken part in a scene so brilliant as the concluding banquet, which was in

the open air, and under shade lamp-fruited ; but I knew nothing that happened to me—was cold all over, and for a time at least, laid aside my very consciousness. Millicent was positively alarmed by my paleness, which she attributed, neither wrongly, to excitement ; and it was in consequence of her suspicion that we retired very early.

We met no one, having bowed to the king and queen of the night's festival, nor did I behold the Chevalier except in the distance as he glided from table to table, to watch that all should fare well at them, though he never sat himself. Maria was seated by Anastase. I noticed them, but did not gaze upon them—their aspect sickened me. It was well that Millicent believed me ill, for I was thus not obliged to speak, and she and Davy had it all to themselves on the road.

That time, when she got me to bed, I became strangely affected in a fashion of my own ; and not sleeping at all, was compelled to remain there day after day, for a week, not having the most shadowy notion of that which was my affection. It was convenient that Davy knew a great deal about such suffering on his own account, or I might have been severely tampered with. He would not send for a doctor, as he understood what was the matter with

me ; and presently I got right. In fact, my nerves, ever in my way, were asserting themselves furiously ; and as I needed no physic, I took none, but trusted Davy and kept quiet.

I heard, upon my resuscitation, that Maria, Anastase, and Delemann, had all been to inquire after me, and, oh strange sweetness ! also the Chevalier. It was some satisfaction when Millicent said he was looking very well, and had talked to her for half an hour. This news tended most to my restoration of anything ; and it was not ten days before I returned to school, my people having left the village the same morning only.

I saw as much of Anastase as before, now ; but I felt as if till now I had never known him, nor of how infinite importance a finite creature may become, under certain circumstances. In a day or two, I had worked up to the mark sufficiently to permit myself a breath of leisure, and towards the afternoon I went after Maria to accompany her home. This she permitted, but I knew that Anastase would be with her in the evening, and refused her invitation to enter, for I felt I could not bear to see them together just then. I entreated her therefore to take a walk with me instead. She hesitated, on account of her preparation for the

morrow, but when I reminded her that Anastase desired her to walk abroad daily, she assented,—“Florimond would be pleased.”

Up the green sides of the hill we wandered, and again into the valley. It was a mild day, with no rude wind to break the silken thread of conversation, and I was mad to talk to her. I could hardly tell how to begin, though I knew what I wanted to find out well enough ; but I need not have been afraid, she was singularly unsuspicious.

“So Carl,” she began, herself, “the Chevalier took you into his room : his very room, where he writes, was it ?”

“I don’t know,” I said, “whether he writes there. I should think he would write anywhere ; but it was stuffed full of books, and had an organ.”

“A large organ ?”

Heaven help and pardon me ! I had not seen anything in the room, specifically ; but I drew upon my imagination, usually a lively spring enough.

“Oh yes ; a very large organ with beautiful carving about it, cherubs above with their wings spread, I believe ; and the books bound exquisitely, and set in cabinets.”

“What sort of furniture ?”

“I don’t know. Oh ! I think it was dark red, and very rich looking ; embroidered cloths too,

upon the tables and sofas,—but really I may be mistaken, because you see, I was not looking at them.”

“No, I should think not. Carnation is his favourite colour, you know : he told me so.”

“He tells you everything, I think, Maria.”

“Yes, of course he does ; just as one talks to a little child that asks for stories.”

“That is not the reason—it cannot be ; besides, he always talks about himself to you, and one never talks about one’s self to children.”

“Do not you ? But Carl, he chiefly talks to me about music.”

“And for that, is he not himself music ? But Maria, I call telling you his favourite colour, talking about himself, as much as if he told you he had a headache.”

“Well Carl, he did come to me when he had scratched his finger, and ask me to tie it up.”

“And did you ? Was that since *the* evening ?”

“It was the day before yesterday. He was going to play somewhere. But Carl, we shall not hear him play again.”

“What do you mean ?”

“I mean not until next year. He is going to travel.”

“To travel—going away—where—who with ?”
I was stupid.

“ He told us all so the other day, just before you returned, Carl. He went through all the class-rooms to bid farewell. I was in the second singing-room with Spoda and two or three others. He spoke to Spoda : ‘ Have you any commands for Italy—any part of Italy ? I am going unexpectedly, or we would have had a concert first, but now we must wait until May for our concert.’ Spoda behaved very well, and exhibited no surprise, only showered forth his confetti speeches about parting. Then the Chevalier bowed to us who were there, and said, ‘ My heart will be half here ; and I shall hope to find Cecilia upon the selfsame hill,—not a stone wanting.’ And then he sighed, but otherwise he looked exceedingly happy. And who do you think is going with him ?”

“ His father, I should imagine.”

“ No ; old Aronach, and your little friend, who Carl I suspect makes a sort of Chevalier of you, from what I hear.”

“ Yes ; he is very fond of me. But, Maria, what is he going away for ? Is he going to be married ?”

She smiled with her own peculiar expression, wayward, yet warm.

“ Oh dear no ! nothing of that kind, I am sure.

I cannot fancy the Chevalier in love, even,—it seems most absurd.”

“ I do not think that. He is too loveable not to be loved.”

“ And that is just why he never will love—to marry, I mean—until he has tried everything else, and pleased himself in every manner.”

“ Maria, how do you know? and do you think he will marry one day?”

“ Carl, I believe there is not anything he will not do; and yet he will be happy, very happy, only not as he expects. I am certain the Chevalier thinks he should find as much in love as in music,—for himself, I mean—now, I believe it would be nothing to him, in comparison.”

I could scarcely contain myself, I so sincerely felt that she was mistaken, but I seriously resolved to humour her, lest I should say too much, or she should say too little.

“ Oh of course. But I don’t think he would *expect* to find more in love, because he knows how he is loved.”

“ Not *how* Carl, only how much.”

“ But Maria, I fancy he wants as much love as music, and that is plenty.”

“ But Carl he makes the music, and we love him,

in it, just as we love God in His works—and I cannot conceive of any love being acceptable to him when it infringed his right as supreme.”

“ You mean that he is proud.”

“ So proud that if love came to him without music, I don’t think he would take any notice of it.”

I felt as surely as she did, sure of that singular pride, but also that it was not a fallen pride and that she could read it not.

“ You mean Maria, that if you and I were not musical, supposing such a thing to be possible, he would not like us nor treat us as he does now ?”

“ I know he would not.”

“ But then it would be impossible for us to be as we are if we were changed as to music, and we could not love as we do.”

“ I don’t think that has anything to do with it, and indeed I am sure not. You see Carl, you make me speak to you openly. I have never done so before, and I should not but that you force me to it—not that I dislike to speak of it, for I think of nothing else;—but that it might be troublesome.”

Could it be that she was about in any sense to open her heart? Mine felt as if it had collapsed,

and could never expand again ; but I was very rejoiced, for many reasons.

“ Oh Maria ! if I could hear you talk all day about your own feelings, I should know really that you cared to be my friend, but I could not ask you to do so nor wish it, unless you did.”

“ Carl, if you were not younger than I am I should hesitate—and still more if where I came from we did not become grown up so fast, that our lives seem too quick, too bright ! Oh ! I have often thought so—and shall think so again—but I will not now because I intend to be very happy. You know Carl you cannot understand though you may *feel*, what I feel when I think of Florimond. And it is possible you think him higher than I do. For you do him justice now.”

“ I suppose I do—I am very certain that I adore his playing.”

“ I do not care for his playing—or scarcely. And yet I am aware that it is the playing of a master, of a musician ; and I am proud to say so—still I would rather be that violin than hear it, and endure the sweet anguish he pours into it than be as I am, so far more divided from him than it is.”

“ Maria ! ”

“ But Florimond does not mind my feeling this,

or I should not say it—on the contrary he feels the same, and when first Heaven made him love me he felt it—even then.”

“ Was that long ago Maria ? ”

“ It is beginning to be a long time, for it was in the summer that I was twelve, before my father died. I was in France that summer and very miserable, working hard and seeming to do nothing, for my father, rest his soul ! was very severe with me, and petted Josephine ;—for which I thank and praise him, and love her all the better. We were twenty miles from Paris, and lodged in a cottage whose roof was all ruins ; but it was a dry year and no harm came—besides we had been brought up like gipsies and were sometimes taken for them. In the day I practised my voice and studied Italian or German—then prepared our dinner which we ate under a tree in the garden, Josephine and I, though she was almost a baby then, and slept half her time. One noon she was asleep upon the grass and I was playing with the flowers she had plucked, with no sabots on, for I was very warm—when I heard a step, and peeped behind that tree. I saw a boy—or as I thought him, a very wonderful man, putting aside the boughs to look upon me. You have told me Carl, how you felt when you first saw the Chevalier—

well, it was a little as I felt when I saw that face, only instead of looking on as you did, I was obliged to look away and hide my eyes with my hand. He was to my sight more beautiful than anything I had ever seen or dreamed about—and therefore I could not look upon him, for I know I was not thinking about myself. Still I felt sure he was coming to speak to me, and so he did—but not for a long time, for he stepped round the tree, and sat down upon the turf just near me and played with the sabots and the wild thyme I had played with, and presently put out his hand to stroke Josephine's hair as it lay in my lap. I never thought of being angry, or of wondering at him even, for the longer I had him near me the better; though I was rather frightened lest my father should return—but at last he did speak and when once he began there was not soon an end. We talked of all things. I can remember nothing, but I do know this; that we never spoke of music except that I told how I passed my time, and how my father taught me. He went away before Josephine awoke, and nobody knew he had come; but I returned the next day to the place where I had seen him, and again I found him there. In that country one could do such things, and it was the hour that my father was absent—for he had other pupils at the

houses of the inhabitants several miles about, and we lived frugally in order that he might give us all advantages when we should be old enough. I saw Florimond every day for a week—and then for a week he never came. That week I was taken ill, I could not help it; I was too young to hide it: and when he came again I told him I should have died if he had stayed away. And then he said that he loved me, but that he was going a journey and should not for a long time see me again, but that I was never, never to forget him; and he gave me a bit of his hair, softer than any curl. I gave him too my mother's ring, that I had always kept warm in my bosom; and I never even lamented that he was departing; because I knew I should be his for ever. He had a long long talk—of feelings, and fears, and mysteries—of the flowers of heaven and earth—of glory and bliss—of hope and ecstasy—we poured out our hearts together and did not even trouble ourselves to say we loved. I think he was there three hours, but I sent him away myself just in time to be quite ready and not at all in a tremble, for my father's supper. Papa came home by sunset, much later than usual; and I tried hard to wake up, but was as a wanderer in sleep; until he took from his pocket a parcel and gave it me to open. He was in great good humour to night for

he had heard of my brother's success at the Academie, but it was not my brother who sent the parcel, which contained two tickets for a grand concert in Paris the next morning, and a little anonymous billet to beg that we would go ; I and my father.

My father was much flattered, and still more because there was a handful of gold to pay the expences of our journey. This settled the matter—we did go in the diligence that night ;—I took my best frock and gloves, and we slept at a grand hotel for once in our lives, and supped there, and breakfasted the next morning before setting out for the concert. When I walked into the street with my father I envied the ladies their bonnets, for I had not even my mantilla, it was too shabby ; and I wore alone a wreath of ivy that I had gathered from under that very tree at home, and I was thinking too seriously of one only person to wish to see, or to be seen. We went into the very best places, but I thought as I sat down how I must have changed in a short time ; for a little while before I would have almost sold myself to go to this same concert, and now I did not care. There was a grand vocal trio first, and then a fantasia for the harp, and then a tenor solo. But next in the programme came one of Fesca's solos for the violin, and when I saw the violinist come up into the

front I fell backwards, and should have swooned had he not begun to play. His tones sustained me—drew me upwards—it was Florimond—my Florimond—mine then as now.”

“I thought it would turn out so,” I exclaimed, rudely enough; “but, Maria, when you said music had nothing to do with love, I think you were mistaken, or that you misunderstood yourself, for though I can’t express it I am sure that our being musical makes a great difference in the way we feel, and that though we don’t allude to it, it will go through everything, and make us what we are.”

“Perhaps you are right, and Carl, I should not like to contradict you. But I know I should have loved Florimond if he had not been a musician—if he had been a shoemaker, for instance.”

“Yes, because he still might have been musical, and, if the music had remained within him it might have influenced his feelings even more than it does now.”

“Carl, but I don’t love in that way all those who are musical, therefore, why must it be the music that makes me love *him*? What will you say to me now when I tell you I cannot imagine wishing to marry the Chevalier.”

“Maria!”

“Carl, I could not—it would abase the power

of worship in my soul—it would cloud my idea of heaven—it would crush all my life within me. I should be transported into a place where the water was all light, and I could not drink—the air was all fire to wither me. I should flee from myself in Him, and in fleeing, die.”

Her strange words, so unlike her youth, consumed my doubts as she pronounced them. I shuddered inwardly, but strove to keep serene. “Maria, that may be because you had loved when you saw him, and it would have been impossible for you to be inconstant.”

“Carlino, no. You and I are talking of droll things for a girl and a boy ; but I would rather you knew me well, because perhaps it will help you when you grow up to understand some lady better than you would if I did not speak so openly. Under no circumstances could I have loved him, so as to wish to belong to him in that sense. For Carl, though it might have been inconstant, it would not have been unfaithful to myself if I had seen and loved him better than Florimond—it might have been that I had not before found out what I ought to submit my soul to, nor could I have helped it ; such things have happened to many, I dare say—to many natures, but not to mine ; if I feel once, it is entirely, and for always,

and I cannot think how it is that so few women, even of my own race, are so unfixed about their feelings and have so many fancies. I sometimes believe there is a reason for my being different, which, if it is true, will make him sadder than the saddest—you can guess what I mean?"

"Yes Maria, but I know there is nothing in it, it is what my mother would call a morbid presentiment, and I wish she could talk to you about it. I should think there might be truth in it, but that it always proves false. My sister had it once, so had my dear brother, Mr. Davy. I don't believe people have it when they are really going to die."

"It is not a morbid presentiment, for morbid means diseased, and I am sure I am not diseased; but my idea is, that people who form so fast cannot live long. I am only fifteen, and I feel as if I had lived longer than anybody I know."

"Then," said I, laughing, for I felt it was wrong to permit her much range here, "I shall die soon, Maria."

"No, Carl. You are not formed—you are like an infant—your heart tells itself out—one may count its beats, and sing songs to them, as Florimond says, but your brain keeps you back, though it is itself so forward."

I was utterly puzzled. "I don't understand, Maria."

"But you will some time. Your brain is burning—busy—always dreaming, and working. The dreams of the brain are often those which play through the slumbers of the heart. If your heart even awoke, your brain would still have the upper hand, and would keep down—keep back, your heart. There is no fear for you, Carl, passionate as you are."

"Well, Maria, I must confess it frightens me a little when you talk so ; first, because you are so young yourself ; and, secondly, because, if it is all true, how much you must know—you must know almost more than you feel ; it is too much for a girl to know, or a boy either, and I would rather know nothing than so very much."

"Carl, all that I know I get from my heart. I am really excessively ignorant, and can teach and tell of nothing in the world but love. That is my life, and my faith, and when my heart is bathing in the love that is my own on earth, all earth seems to sink beneath my feet, and I tremble as if raised to heaven. I feel as if God were behind my joy, and as if it must be more than every other knowledge to make me feel so. And when I sing

it is the same—the music wraps up the love—I feel it more and more.”

“But, Maria, you are so awfully musical.”

“Carl, till I knew Florimond I never really sang—I practised, it is true, and was very sick of failures, but *then* my voice grew clear and strong, and I found what it was meant for ; therefore I cannot be so musical as you are. And I revere you for it Carl, and prophesy of you such performances that you can never excel them, however much you excel.”

“Why, Maria, how we used to talk about music together !”

“I did not know you so well then, Carl ; but do you suppose that music, in one sense, is not all to me ? I sometimes think when women try to rise too high, either in their deeds or their desires, that the Spirit which bade them so rise sinks back again beneath the weakness of their earthly constitution, and never appeals again—or else that the Spirit being too strong, does away with the mortal altogether—they die, or rather they live again.”

“Do you ever talk in this strange manner to Anastase, Maria ? I mean do you tell him you love him better than music ?”

“He knows of himself, not but that I have often told him ; but you may imagine how I love ,

him, Carl, when I tell you he loves Music better than me, and yet I would have it so ; chiefly for one reason."

"What is that?"

"That if I am taken from him he will still have something to live for, until we meet again."

It is a strange truth that I was unappalled and scarcely touched by these pathetic hints of hers—in fact, looking at her then, it was as impossible to associate with her radiant beauty any idea of death, as for any but the most tasteless moralist to attach it to a new blown rose-flower with stainless petals. It was a day also of the most perfect weather, and the suggestion to my mind was, that neither the day nor she—neither the brilliant vault above, nor those transparent eyes, could ever "change or pass." I was occupied besides in reflecting upon the mystery that divided the two souls I felt ought never to have been separated, even *thought* of, apart. I did not know then how far she was right in her mystical assertion that the premature fulness of the brain maintains the heart's first slumber in its longest unbroken rest.

CHAPTER XII.

I LEFT her at her house and returned to Cecilia feeling very lonely, and as if I ought to be very miserable, but I could not continue it; for I was, instead of recalling her words, in a mood to recall those of Clara in our parting conversation. The same age as Maria, with no less power in her heavenly maidenhood, she came upon me as if I had seen them together, and watched the strange calm distance of those unclouded eyes next the transparent fervours of Maria's soul—that soul in its self-betrayal so wildly beautiful, so undone with its own emotion. Clara I remembered as one not to be approached or reached but by fathoming her crystal intellect, and even then it appeared to me that there was more passion in her enshrining stillness, than in anything but the music that claimed and

owned her. But Maria had seemed on fire as she had spoken, and even when she spoke not she passed into the very heart by sympathy abounding, summer-like. I little thought how soon, in that respect, her change would come.

There was one too, whom I saw not again until that change. Over this leaf of my history I can only glance, for it would be as a sheet of light unrelieved by any shade or pencilling—suffice it to say, that day by day, in morning's golden dream, at dream-like afternoon, I studied and soared. I was—after the Chevalier had left, and the excitement of his possible presence had ceased—blissfully happy again, and in much the same state as when I lived with Aronach; certainly I did not expand, as Maria might have said. The advent of the Chevalier, which was as a king's visit, being delayed until the spring, I had left off hoping he might appear any fine morning, and my initiation—"by trance"—went on apace; I was utterly undisturbed.

At Christmas we had a concert—a concert worthy of the name—and with all the Christmas heartedness of Germany we dressed our beloved hall with its evergreens and streamers. Besides that overture the "*Mer de Glace*," which even under an inferior conductor would make its way, was one of

our interpretations, and it appeared to have some effect upon the whole crew that was not very material ; as nothing would do in our after sledging party, but that all the instruments should be carried also and an attempt made to refrigerate the Ice-movement over again, by performing it in the frosty air, upon the frost-spelled water. I was to have gone to England this year as arranged, but the old-fashioned frump, a very hard winter, had laid in great stores of snow, with great raving winds ; and my mother took fright at the idea of my crossing the water ; besides it was agreed that as Millicent and Davy had seen me so lately, I could get on very well as I was until June.

It was not such a disappointment as it should have been, for I knew that Clara had gone to London, and that I could not have seen her—she was making mysterious progress according to Davy, but I could not get out all I wanted, for I did not like to ask for it. There was something too in my present mode of life exiling from all excitement ; and it is difficult for me to look back and believe it anything but the dream of fiction, still that is not strange, for fiction often strikes us as more real than fact.

I had a small letter from Starwood about this time :—

“Dearest Carl,” he wrote, as he always spoke to me, in English. “I wish you could see the Chevalier now, how well he looks, and how he enjoys this beautiful country. We have been to see all the pictures, and the palaces, and all the theatres; we have heard all the cathedral services, and have climbed over all the mountains; for Carl we went also to Switzerland, and when I saw the Mer de Glace, I thought it was like that music. *Now* we are in a villa all marble, not white, but a soft pale grey colour, and there are orange trees upon the grass. All about are green hills, and behind them hills of blue, and the sky here is like no other sky, for it is always the same without clouds, and yet as dark as our sky at night, but yet at the same time it is day and the sun is very clear. The moon and stars are big, but there is something in the air that makes me always want to cry. It is melancholy, and a very quiet country; it seems quite dead after Germany, but then we do live away from the towns.

“The Chevalier is writing continually, except when he is out, and the Herr Aronach is very good, does not notice me much, which I like. His whole thoughts are upon the Chevalier, I think, and no wonder. Carl, I am getting on fast with my studies, am learning Italian,” &c. There was

more in the little letter, but from such a babe I could not expect the information I wanted. Maria and her suite (as I always called her brother Joseph and the little Josephine) had left Cecilia for Christmas day, which they were to spend with some acquaintance a few leagues off, and a friend too of Anastase, who indeed accompanied them. On Christmas eve I was quite alone ; for though I had received many invitations I had accepted none, and I went over to the old place where I had lived with Aronach, to see the illuminations in every house. It was a chilly elfin time to me, but I got through it, and sang about the angels in the church next day.

To my miraculous astonishment Maria returned alone, long before Josephine and her brother, and even without Anastase. He, it appeared had gone to Paris to hear a new opera, and also to play at several places on the road. It was only five days after Christmas that she came and fetched me from my own room, where I was shut in practising, to her own home. When she appeared rolled in furs, I was fain to suppose her another than herself produced by the oldest of all old gentlemen for my edification, and I screamed aloud, for she had entered without knocking, or I had not heard her. She would not speak to me then and there, saving

only to invite me, and on the road which was lightened over with snow she scarcely spoke more ; but, arrived on that floor I was so fond of, and screened by the winter hangings from the air while the soft warmth of the stove bade all idea of winter make away, we sat down together upon the sofa to talk. I inquired why she had returned so soon ?

“ Carl,” she said, smoothing down her hair, and laying over my knees the furry cloak, “ I am altering very much, I think, or else I have become a woman too suddenly. I don’t care about these things any longer.”

“ What things, Maria ? fur mantles, or hair so long that you can tread upon it ?”

“ No, Carl. But I forget that I was not talking to you yesterday, nor yet the day before, nor for many days ; and I have been dreaming more than ever since I saw you.

“ What about ?”

“ Many unknown things, chiefly how different everything is here from what it ought to be. Carl, I used to love Christmas, and Easter, and St. John’s day ; now they are all like so many cast-off childrens’ pictures. I can have no imagination, I am afraid ; or else it is all drawn away somewhere else. Do you know Carl, that I came away be-

cause I could not bear to stay with those creatures after Florimond was gone. Florimond is, like me, a dreamer too ; and much as I used to wonder at his melancholy, it is just now quite clear to me that nothing else is worth while."

"Anastase melancholy? Well, so he is, except when he is playing ; but then I fancied that was because he is so abstracted, and so bound to music hand and foot, as well as heart and soul."

"Very well, Carl, you are always right ; but my melancholy, and such I believe his to be, is exquisite pleasure, too fine a joy to breathe in, Carl. How people fume themselves about affairs that only last an hour, and music and joy are for ever."

"You have come back to music, Maria ; if so I am not sorry you went away."

"I never left it Carl, it left me ; but now I know why ; it went to heaven to bring me a gift out of its eternal treasure, and I believe I have it. Carl ! Carl ! my fit of folly has served me in good stead."

"You mean what we talked about before you went, before the Chevalier went also."

"Yes, I meant what I said then ; but I was very empty and in an idle frame. I thought the

last spark of music had passed out of me, but there has come a flame from it at last."

"What do you mean? and what has that to do with your coming back and with your being melancholy? which I cannot believe quite, Maria."

"Oh! Carl, I am very ignorant, and have read no books, but I am pretty sure it is said somewhere that melancholy is but the shadow of too much happiness, thrown by our own spirits upon the sunshine side of life. I was in that queer mood when I went to Obertheil that if an angel had walked out of the clouds I should not have taken the trouble to watch him: Florimond was all and enough. So is he still; but listen, Carl. On Christmas we were in the large room, before the table, where the green moss glittered beneath the children's tree, and there were children of all sizes gazing at the lights. They crowded so together that Florimond, who was behind, and standing next me, said, 'Come Maria, you have seen all this before, shall we go up stairs together?' And we did go out, silently, we were not even missed. We went to the room which Florimond had hired, for it was only a friend's house, and Florimond is as proud as some one who has not his light hair. The little window was full of stars; we heard no

sound as we stood there except when the icicles fell from the roof. The window was open too, but I felt no cold for he held me in his arms, and I sheltered him and he me. We watched the stars so long as that they began to dance below before we spoke. Then Florimond said that the stars often reminded him how little constancy there was in anything said or done, for that they ever shone upon that which was forgotten. And I replied it was well that they did so, for many things happened which had better be forgotten, or something as unmeaning. He said then, it was on that account we held back from expressing, even remotely, what we felt most. And I asked him whether it might not rather be that music might maintain its privilege of expressing what it was forbidden to pronounce or articulate otherwise. Then he suggested that it was forbidden to an artist to exalt himself in his craft, as he is so fond of saying, you know, except by means of it, when it asserts itself. And then I demanded of him that he should make it assert itself; and after I had tormented him a good while, he fetched out his violin and played to me a song of the stars.

“And in that wilderness of tone I seemed to fall asleep and dream,—a dream I have already begun to follow up, and *will* fulfil. I have heard it said,

Carl, that sometimes great players who are no authors, have given ideas in their random moments to the greatest writers, that these have reproduced at leisure. I suppose, much as a painter takes notions from the coloured clouds and verdant shadows, but I don't know. Florimond, who is certainly no writer, has given me an idea for a new musical poem, and what is more strange I have half finished it, and have the whole in my mind."

"Maria! have you actually been writing?" I sprang from the sofa quite wild, though I merely foresaw some touching memento in wordless lied, or scherzo for one-voiced instrument; of a one-hearted theme.

"I have not written a note, Carl—that remains to be done, and that is why I came back so soon; to be undisturbed, and to learn of you, for you know more about such things than I do; for instance, how to arrange a score."

"Maria, you are not going to write in score?—if so, pray wait until the Chevalier comes back."

"The Chevalier! as if I should ever plague him about my writing. Besides, I am most particularly anxious to finish it before anyone knows it is begun."

"But, Maria, what will you do? I never heard

of a woman writing in score except for exercise, and how will you be pleased to hear it never once?"

"Ah! we shall know about that when it is written."

"Maria, you look very evil—evil as an elf, but you are pale enough already—what if this work make you ill?"

"Nothing ever makes us ill that we like to do, only what we like to have. I acknowledge, Carl, that it might make me ill if this symphony were to be rehearsed, with a full band, before the Chevalier. But as nothing of that kind can happen, I shall take my own way."

"A symphony, Maria? The Chevalier says, that the symphony is the highest style of music, and that none can even attempt it but the most formed, as well as naturally framed, musicians."

"I should think I knew that, but it is not in me to attempt any but the highest effect. I would rather fail there, than succeed in an inferior. The structure of the symphony is quite clear to my brain, it always has been so, for I believe I understand it naturally, though I never knew why until now. Carl, a woman has never yet dared anything of the kind, and if I wait a few years longer I must give it up entirely. If I am married, my thoughts

will not make themselves ready, and now they haunt me."

"Maria, do *not* write! Wait at least until Anastase returns, and ask his own advice."

"Carl, I never knew you cold before, what is it? As if Florimond could advise me! Could I advise him how to improve his present method? and why should I wait? I shall not expose myself; it is for myself alone."

"Maria, this is the reason. You do look so fixed and strange, even while you talk about it, that I think you will do yourself some harm; that is all; you did not use to look so."

"Am I so frightful then, Carl?"

"You are too beautiful, Maria; but your eyes seem to have no sleep in them."

"They have not had, and they will not have until I have completed this task the angel set me."

"Oh Maria! you are thinking of the Chevalier."

"I was not, I was thinking of St. Cecilia. If the Chevalier had ordered me to make a symphony, I should to everlasting have remained among the dunces."

I often, often lament; most sadly, that I am obliged to form her words into a foreign mould, almost at times to fuse them with my own expression: but the words about the angel were

exactly her own, and I have often remembered them bitterly.

“You will find it very hard to write without any prospect of rehearsal, Maria.”

“I can condense it, and so try it over; but I am certain of hearing it in my head, and that is enough.”

“You will not think so still when it is written. How did it first occur to you?”

“In a moment, as I tell you, Carl; while the violin tones, hot as stars that are cold in distance, were dropping into my heart. The subjects rose in Alps before me. I both saw and heard them; there were vistas of sound, but no torrents; it was all glacier-like—death enfolding life.”

“What shall you call it, Maria?”

“No name, Carl. Perhaps I shall give it a name when it shall be really finished: but if it is to be what I expect no one would remember its name on hearing it.”

“Is it so beautiful then, Maria?”

“To my fancy *most* beautiful, Carl.”

“That is like the Chevalier.”

“He has written, and knows what he has written; but I do not believe he has ever felt such satisfaction in any work as I in this.”

“I think in any one else it would be dreadfully

presumptuous ; in you it is ambitious, I believe ; but I have no fear about your succeeding."

"Thank you, Carl ; nor I. Will you stay here with me, and help me ?"

"No Maria, for you do not want help, and I should think no one could write unless alone. But I will prevent anyone else from coming."

"No one else will come, but if you care to stay here Carl, I can write in my room ; and you, as you said you had set yourself certain tasks, can work in this one. I am very selfish I am afraid, for I feel pleasantly safe when you are near me. I think Carl, you must have been a Sunday-child."

"No Maria, I was born upon a Friday, and my mother was in a great fright. Shall you write this evening ?"

"I must go out and buy some paper."

CHAPTER XI.

WE dined together, and then walked. I cannot record Maria's conversation, for her force now waned, and I should have had to entertain myself but for the unutterable entertainment at all times to me of a walk. She bought enough paper to score a whole opera had she been so disposed ; and her preparations rather scared me on her account. For me, I returned to Cecilia, to inform our Powers why I should absent myself, and where remain ; and when I came back with "books and work" of my own, she was very quietly awaiting me for supper ; certainly not making attempts either dread or ecstatic at present. I was indeed anxious that if she accomplished her intentions at all, it should be in the vacation, as she studied so ardently at every other time ; and it was this anxiety that

induced me to leave her alone the next day, and every morning of that week. I knew nothing of what she did meanwhile, and as I returned to Cecilia every night for sleep I left her ever early, and heard not a note of her progress; whether she made any or not remaining at present a secret.

We reassembled in February. At our first meeting which was a very festive banquet, our nominal Head and the leading professors gave us an intimation that the examinations would extend for a month, and would begin in May; when the results would be communicated to the Chevalier Seraphael, who would be amongst us again at that time and distribute the prizes after his own device; also confer the certificates upon those who were about to leave the school. I was not of course, in this number, as the usual term of probation was three years in any specific department, and six for the academical course—the latter had been advised for me by Davy, and acceded to by my mother. I gave up at present nearly my whole time to mastering the mere mechanism of my instrument, and had no notion of trying for any prize at all. I believe those of my contemporaries who aspired thus were very few at all, and Marc Iskar being among them had the effect upon me of quenching the slight fever of a desire I

might have had so to distinguish myself. It struck me that Maria should try for the reward of successful composition ; but she was so hurt and looked so white when I alluded to it, that it was only once I did so. As to her proceedings, whatever they were, the most perfect calm pervaded them, and also her. I scarcely now heard her voice in speech ; though it was spoken aloud by Spoda, and no longer whispered, that she would very soon be fit for the next initiation into a stage career, or its attendant and inductive mysteries. One evening I went to see her expressly to ascertain whether she would really leave us, and I asked her also about her intentions.

“ Carl,” she said, “ I wish I had any. I don’t really care what they do with me, though I wish to be able to marry as soon as possible. I believe I am to study under Madlle. Venelli, at Berlin, when I leave Cecilia ; she teaches declamation and that style.”

“ Maria, you are very cool about it, I suppose you don’t mind a bit about going.”

“ I should break my heart about it if I did not know I must go one day, and that the sooner I go the sooner I shall return—to all I want at least. But I have it not in my power to say I will do this

or will not have that, as it is my brother who educates me, and to whom I am indebted."

"If you go Maria, I shall not see you for years and years."

"You will not mind that after a little time."

"Maria, I have never loved to talk to any one so well."

"If that is the only reason you are sorry, I am very glad I go."

She smiled as she spoke, but not a happy smile, I could see she was very sad, and as it were at a distance from her usual self.

"Maria, you have not told me one word about the symphony."

"You did not ask me."

"Were you so proud, then? As if I was not dying to see it—to hear it. For Maria don't tell me you would be contented without its being heard?"

"I am not contented at all, Carl. I am often discontented. Particularly now."

"About Anastase? Does not Anastase approve of your writing?"

"He knows nothing of it, I would not tell him for a world, nor Carl, would you."

"I don't know. I would tell him if it would

do you any good, even though you disliked me to do so."

"Thanks—but it would do me no good. Florimond is poor—he could not collect an orchestra; and proud—he would not like me to be laughed at."

"Then what is it, Maria?"

"Carl, you know I am not vain."

I laughed, but answered nothing; it was too absurd a position.

"Well, I am dying of thirst to hear my first movement, which is written, and which is that sight to my eyes that my ears desire it to the full as much as they. The second still lingers—it will not be invoked; I could, if I could calculate the effect of the first, produce a second equal to it, I know; but as it is yet in my brain, it will not give place to another."

"You have tried it upon the piano—try it for me."

"No, I cannot Carl, it is nothing thus—and strange to say, though I have written it I cannot play it."

"I can believe that."

"But no one else would, Carl, and therefore it must be folly for me to have undertaken this writ-

ing ; for we are both children, and I suppose must remain so after all."

It struck me that the melancholy which poured that pale mask upon her face was both natural and not unnecessary—I even delighted in it—for a thought, almost an idea, flashed straight across my brain and lighted up the future that was still to remain my own although that dazzle was withdrawn. I knew what to do now, though I trembled lest I should not find the way to do it.

"So Maria, you are not going to finish it just now. Suppose you lend it to me for a little. I should like to examine it, and it will do me good."

"Carl, it is not sufficiently scientific to do you good, but I wish you would take it away, for if I keep it with me I shall destroy it ; and I shall like it to remain until some day, when God has taught me more than in myself I know or that I can learn of men."

"I will take the greatest care of it, Maria," I said ; almost fearing it to be a freak on her part that she suffered my possession ; or that she might withdraw it. "You will ask me for it when you want it ; and, Maria, I have heard it said that it is a good thing to let your compositions lie by and come to them with a fresh impression."

“That is exactly what I think. You see with me, Carl, that all which has to do with music is not music, now.”

“I think that there is less of the world in music than in anything else, even in poetry, Maria; but of course music must itself fall short of our ideas of it—and I dare say you found that your beautiful feelings would not change themselves into music exactly as beautiful as they were. I know very little music yet, Maria; but I never found *any* that did not disappoint my feeling about it when I was hearing it, except the Chevalier’s.”

“That is it, Carl. What am I to endeavour after anything that he has accomplished? But I feel that if I could not produce the very highest musical work in the very highest style, I would not produce any, and would rather die.”

“I cannot understand that. I would rather worship than be worshipped.”

“I would not. I cannot tell why, but I have a feeling which will not let me be content with proving what has gone before me. Dearly as I love Florimond, he could not put this feeling out of me. I am not content to be an actress; there have been actresses who were queens, and some few angels:—I know my heart is pure in its desires, and I should have no objection to reign,

but it must be over a new kingdom. No woman has ever yet composed."

"Oh yes, Maria."

"I say no to you, Carl. Not as I mean. I mean no woman has been supreme among men as the Chevalier among musicians. I have often wondered why. And I feel—at least I did feel—that I could be so and do this; but I feel it no longer—it has passed. Carl, I am very miserable and cast down."

I could easily believe it, but I was too young to trust to my own decision; had Clara been speaking I should have implicitly relied, for she always knew herself; but Maria was so wayward, so fitful, and of late so peculiar, that I dared not entertain that confidence in her genius which was yet the strongest presentiment that had ever taken hold upon me. I carried away the score, which I had folded up while she had spoken, and I shall never forget the half forlorn, half wistful look with which she followed it in my arms as I left her. But I dared not stay for fear she should change her mind; and although I would fain have entered into her heart to comfort her, I could not even try. I was in a breathless state to see that score, but not much came to my examination. The sheets were exquisitely written, the manner of Seraphael

being exactly imitated, or naturally identical—the very noting a facsimile as well as the autograph. It was styled “First Symphony,” and the key was F minor ; but the composition was so full and close as to swamp completely my childish criticism. I thought it appeared all right, and very very wonderful, but that was all. I wrapped it in one of my best silk handkerchiefs to keep it from the dust, and laid it away in my box together with my other treasures from home which ever reposed there, and then I returned to my work, but certainly more melancholy than I had ever remembered myself in my life.

In March one day, Maria stayed from school, but her brother Joseph brought me from her a message. She was indisposed, or said to be so, and begged me to go and see her. There was no difficulty in doing so, but I was surprised that Anastase should not be with her ; or at least that he should appear, as he did, so unconcerned. When I expressed my regret to Joseph Cerinthia, he added that she was only in bed for a cold. I was both pleased and flattered that she had sent for me, but still could not comprehend it as she was so little ill. I ran down, after the morning, intending to dine with her, or not, I did not care which ; but instead of her being in bed, she was in the parlour.

"I thought, Maria, you were not up."

"I was not; and now I am not dressed. Carl, I sent for you to ask for the manuscript again."

I looked at her to see whether she meant her request, for it was by no means easy to say. She looked very brilliant, but had an unusual darkness round her eyes, a wide ring of the deepest violet; she either had wept forth that shadow, or was in a peculiar state. Neither tears nor smiles were upon her face, and her lips burned with a living scarlet, no rose-soft red as wont; her hair fastened under her cap in long bands fell here and there, and seemed to have no strength. She had been drinking eau sucrée, for a glass of it was upon the table, and a few fresh flowers which she hastened to put away from her as I entered. I was so much affected by her looks, though no fear seized me, that I took her hand. It was dry and warm, but very weak and tremulous.

"Maria, you were at that garden last night, and danced. I knew how it would be; it was too early in the year."

"I was not at the Spielheim, for when Florimond said none of you were going from Cecilia, I declined. But no dancing would have made me ill as I have been; it was nothing to care for, and is now past."

" Was it cold then ? it seems more like fever."

" It was neither, or perhaps a little of both. Let me have my score again, Carl ; I need only ask for it you know, as it is mine."

" You need not be so proud, Maria ; I shall, of course return it, but not unless you promise me to do no more to it just now."

" Not *just* now. But I made believe to be ill on purpose that I might have a day's leisure, I must also copy it out."

" Maria ! you never made believe, for if you *could* tell a lie, it would not be for yourself. You *have* been ill, and I suspect much that I know how. If you will tell me, I will fetch the score ; that is, if it is good for you to have it ; but I would rather burn it than that it should hurt you ; and I tell you it all depends upon that."

" I will tell you, Carl, and more because it is over now and cannot happen again. I was lying in my bed, and heard the clock strike ten. I thought also that I had heard it rain ; so I got up and looked out. There was no rain, but there were stars, and seeing them my thoughts grew bright ; bright as when I imagined that music—and being in the same mood, that is quiet and yet excited, if you can believe in both together, I went to my writing. It was all there ready for

me ; and Josephine, who always disturbs me because she talks, was very fast asleep. It may sound proudly Carlino ; but I am certain the Chevalier was with me—that he stood behind my chair, and I could not look round for fear of seeing him ; he guided my hand, he thrust out my ideas, all grew clear : and I was not afraid, even of a ghost companion.”

“ But the Chevalier is alive and well.”

“ And yet I tell you his ghost was with me. Well Carl, I had written until I could not see, for my lamp went out and it was not yet light ; I suppose I then fell asleep, for I certainly had a vision.”

“ What was that, Maria ?”

“ Countless crowds Carl, first ; and then a most horrible whirl and rush : then a serene place grey as morning before the sun, with great golden organ-pipes that shot up into, and cut through the sky ; for although it was grey beneath, and I seemed to stand upon clouds, it was all blue over me, and when I looked up it seemed to return my gaze. I heard a sound under me, like an orchestra, such as we have often heard ; but *above* there was another music, and the golden pipes quivered as if with its trembling : yet it was not the organ that seemed to speak, and no instrument was there

besides. This music did not interfere with the music of the orchestra, still playing onwards. but it swelled through and through it, and seemed to stretch like a sky into the sky. Oh ! Carl ; that I could describe it to you ! It was like all we feel of music beyond all we hear, given to us in hearing."

She paused ; now a light quenched in thrilling tears arose, and glittered from her eyes. She looked overwrought, seraphic ; for though her hand which I still held was not changed nor cold, her countenance told unutterable wonder ; the terrors of the heavenliest enthusiasm, I knew not how to account for.

" Maria dear, I have had quite as strange dreams, and almost as sweet ; it was very natural, but you were very very naughty all the same. What did you do when you awoke ?"

" I awoke I don't know how, Carl, nor when ; but I resolved to give into my symphony all that the dream had given me ; and I wrote again. This time I left off though in a very odd manner. The clock struck five and all the people were in the streets ; I was cold which I had forgotten, and my feet were quite as ice. I was about to turn a leaf when I shivered and dropped my pen ; but when I stooped down to find it in the early twilight

which I thought would help me, I fell upon the floor. My head was as if fire had burst into it, and a violent pain came on, that drove me to my bed. I have had such pain before, a little but very much less, for I believed I could not bear it. I did fall asleep too for a long time and never heard a sound; and when I arose I was as well as I need to be or ever expect: but as I don't wish to be ill again I must finish the symphony at once."

"So you think I shall allow it? No Maria, it is out of the question, but I will fetch a doctor for you."

"Carl, you are a baby. I have seen a doctor in Paris for this very pain; he can do nothing for it, and says it is constitutional, and that I shall always be subject to it. Everybody has something they are subject to: Florimond has the gout."

I laughed, glad to have anything at all to laugh at.

"I am really well now Carl, have had a warm bath, and leeches upon my temples—everything. The woman here has waited upon me, and has been very kind, and now I have sent her away, for I do hate to seem ill and be thought ill."

"Leeches, Maria?"

"Oh that is nothing, I put them on whenever I choose. Did you never have them on, Carl?"

“ No never ; I had a blister for the measles, because I could not bear to think about leeches. I did not know people put them on for the headache.”

“ I always do, and so does everybody for such headaches as mine. But they have taken away the pain, and that is all I care for. They are little cold creepers though, and I was glad to pull them off.”

“ Show me the marks, Maria.”

She lifted her beautiful soft hair : those cruel little notches were some hieroglyph to me of unknown suffering ; but then it was an unknown suffering that her face expressed, though I was too young and far too ignorant to imagine of what kind and import.

“ I promise you, Maria, that if you attempt to write any more I will tell Anastase. Or no, I have thought of something far more clever ; I will make off with the rest at once.”

I had an idea of finding her sheets in her own room, and plunging into it—frightening Josephine, who was nursing her doll, into a remote corner—I gathered all the papers, and folding them together was about to rush down stairs without returning to Maria, when she called upon me so that I dared not help listening. For, “ You dare not do it

Carl!" she cried, "you will kill me, and I shall die now."

Agonised by her expression, which was not even girl-like, I halted for an instant at her open door.

"Then Maria, if I leave them here, on your honour you will not touch them or attempt to write."

"It is not your affair, Carl, and I am angry."

She showed she was angry, very pale with two crimson spots, and she bit her lip almost black,

"It *is* my affair, as you told *me* and not your brother or Florimond. He or Florimond would not allow it, you know as well as I do."

"They should and would. And pray why is it I am not to write? I should say you were jealous Carl, if you were not Carl. But you have no right to forbid it, and shall not."

"I do not know how to express my fear, but I am afraid; and, Maria, I will not let it be done."

Lest I should commit myself I closed the door, stumbled down the dark staircase, tore through the street, and deposited the sheets with the others in the box. I am conscious these details are tedious and oppressive, but they cannot be withheld because of what I shall have to touch upon.

Fearful were the consequences that descended upon my devoted head. I little expected them,

and suffered from them absurdly, child as I was and most weetless at that time. Maria returned on the following day week and looking quite herself, except for those violet shades yet lingering ; still not herself to me in any sense. She scarcely looked at me, and did not speak to me at all when I managed to meet her. Anastase alone seemed conscious that she had been ill ; he appeared unable to rid himself of the impression, for actually during my lesson, when his custom was to eschew a conventionalism even as a wrong note, he asked me what had been the matter with her. I told him I believed a very awful headache with fever, and that I considered she had been very ill indeed. I saw his face cloud, though he made reply all coolness—" You are mistaken, Auchester, it was a cold, which always produces fever, and often pain." Thus we were all alike deluded ; thus was that motherless one hurried to her Father's house.

Meantime, silent as I kept myself on the subject of the symphony, it held me day by day more firmly, I longed almost with suffering for the season when I should emancipate myself from all my doubts.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13 Poland Street.

1870

1871



